

HELEN HANSON

A MEMOIR

By E. LOUIE ACRES.

BZP(HANSON)



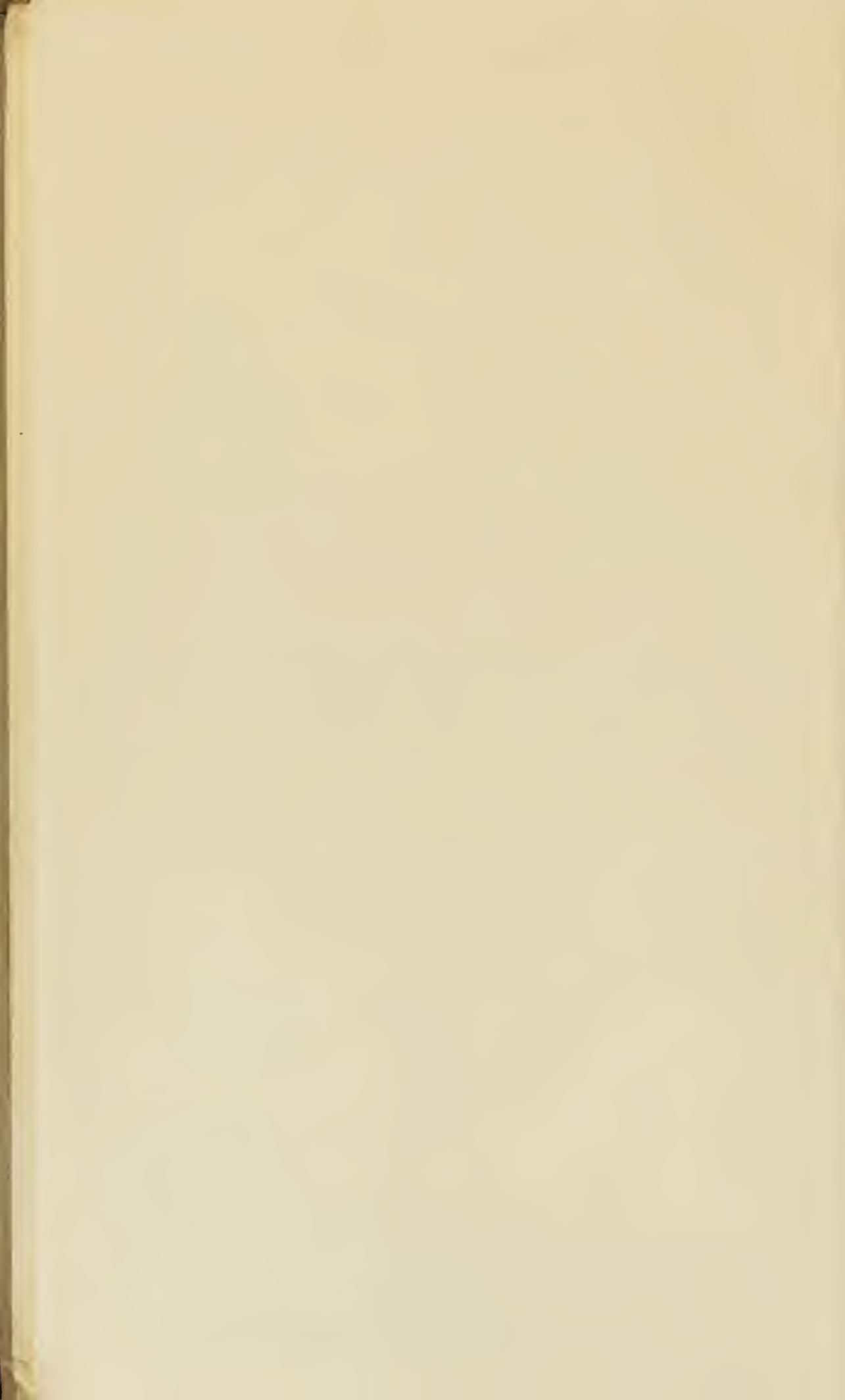
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J. L. C. Gray.

HELEN BEATRICE DE RASTRICKE HANSON

M. D., B. S., LOND., D. P. H., OXON.





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1912.

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A MEMOIR

By E. LOUIE ACRES

WITH A FOREWORD BY
LADY BARRETT, C.B.E., 'M.D.', M.S.,
DEAN OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FOR WOMEN.

AND AN INTRODUCTION BY
THE REV. J. G. SIMPSON, D.D.,
CANON OF ST. PAUL'S.

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DEDICATED, WITH HUMBLE GRATITUDE, TO ALL
THE PIONEERS—MEN AND WOMEN—OF THE
WOMAN'S MOVEMENT IN CHURCH AND
IN STATE.



CONTENTS.

FOREWORD, by LADY BARRETT, C.B.E., M.D., M.S., Dean of the London School of Medicine for Women.	vii.
INTRODUCTION, by THE REV. CANON J. G. SIMPSON, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's.	ix.
AUTHOR'S PREFACE.	xiii.
NOTE BY MISS HANSON.	xvi.
CHAPTER.	
I. Early Days—A Beginning	I
II. A Medical Career—Student Days	II
III. Missionary Period—India	16
IV. India continued	22
V. A Critical Dissertation on Urdu	29
VI. Missionary Work and a Return to England— School Medical Work	36
VII. War Service; Antwerp and Cherbourg	44
VIII. War Service; Serbia	51
IX. War Service; Malta, Salonica, Constan- tinople. A Return to School Work	58
X. "Causes" ; The Position of Women in Church and State	69
XI. A Spiritual Pilgrimage	80
XII. The Home Circle ; Holidays	90
XIII. Friendships	97
XIV. Herself	102
XV. The End—which is also a Beginning	112
A PRAYER.	116
Appendix I. Certificates—Educational and Profess- ional.	117
Appendix II. War Decorations.	118
Index	119

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1912	Frontispiece
Early Days	Facing page 1
In India	Facing page 22
1921	Facing page 102

Abbreviations used:—

B.M.J.	BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.
C.L.W.S	CHURCH LEAGUE FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.
Copec.	CONFERENCE ON CHRISTIAN POLITICS, ECONOMICS AND CITIZENSHIP.
L.C.C.	LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.
L.C.M.	LEAGUE OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.
Royal Free. } R.F.H. }	ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
W.S.P.U.	WOMEN'S SOCIAL AND POLITICAL UNION.
Z.B.M.M.S.	ZENANA BIBLE AND MEDICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

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FOREWORD

BY LADY BARRETT, C.B.E., M.D., M.S.,
Dean of the London School of Medicine for
Women.

WHEN I was asked to write a foreword to this Memoir of Helen Hanson I felt it impossible to refuse, for no one could refuse Helen anything that she asked;—I think because all who knew her were conscious that she herself withheld nothing that she had to give—not merely possessions such as money, clothes, books—however prized—but the more precious things of interest, sympathy, time, work and love. These she gave without stint, not only to a small and intimate circle of close friends, but to those connected with her by kindred professions, to those for whom she felt sympathy because of the lack of interest in their lives, and to the great army of men and women who shared her enthusiasms and ideals.

The first time I saw her was as a student at the London (R.F.H.) School of Medicine for Women, standing at the door of the Common Room looking on the garden. She had come from Hospital, and was talking with a group of her friends of the new work in the Hospital wards, and also of the problems that close acquaintance with the lives of the poor had raised in her mind.

FOREWORD

She was such a vivid figure—beautiful, eager, with rapid speech; but, although so full of her own work, she was ready, too, to be interested in those of us who were mere freshers, because we should be future colleagues in the delights and activities of the same profession.

The last vision I have of her was at a meeting of those interested in India, only a few days before the fatal accident—older in appearance and experience it is true, but with no diminution of her keen zest for life.

She told the medical students present what a glorious adventure it was to go to India. If they had no interest in Missions as such, was it not enough from a professional point of view to want to go,—if only for a few years,—to share in the work of bringing professional skill to those who needed it so sorely. Why work in competition here, when their opportunity there was only limited by time?

Her speech that night was typical of her, not forcing her religious convictions, yet no one could be with her without realising that she lived 'as seeing Him who is invisible.'

Now that she has pierced the thin veil that divides us, it is in no strange land that she greets again those she has loved,—for always she could say, with Francis Thompson,

"O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!"

F. E. BARRETT.

INTRODUCTION

BY THE REV. CANON J. G. SIMPSON, D.D.

IT is with the greatest pleasure I accede to the request of Mrs. Marston Acres to write a few words by way of introduction to her memorial of Helen^r Hanson. The subject of her short study was no commonplace character, and she has treated it not merely with affectionate regard but with a critical appreciation and sense of proportion which enables one like myself, whose only opportunities of meeting Dr. Hanson were the occasional gatherings of a League, of which she was treasurer and I president, to catch something of the charm which has made the remembrance of her a precious possession to those who were honoured by her friendship.

This is a memoir and not a biography. Mrs. Acres herself tells us how scanty were the materials at her disposal for dealing with a career which included a great variety of interests and adventures into many countries. A memoir is intended to recall a personality to those who already know it rather than to develop it in a closely woven narrative reproducing the process of the years. We should indeed like to know more. To give but one instance. Dr Hanson was not only a suffragist but a militant suffragist. It would have been of great public interest could we have been shown the mental processes by

INTRODUCTION

which an intelligence, so sane and so humorous as was hers, came to be identified with that wing of the movement which the constitutionally-minded have been apt to associate with the absence of both these qualities. Might I add that, personally, I should have been interested if the narrow limits of a memoir had justified the inclusion of Dr. Hanson's letter to the Dean of St. Paul's anent the Chapter's refusal of a service of thanksgiving for the Women's Votes?

Dr. Hanson, as it seems to me, was a great realist. Her capacity for and delight in experience, her joy in being alive, the width of a friendship which welcomed all while idolizing or idealizing none, her confessed inability to say what books had influenced her more than others, mark her out as the lover of all life and the keen observer of an actual world, as a humorist whose enthusiasms maintain throughout a living touch with reality. Her religious outlook, as it is revealed in the statement of belief, which Mrs. Acres has done well to incorporate in her narrative, is, to my mind, the most impressive thing in the book. As I am a theologian by profession, it is perhaps natural that I should be attracted to the chapter which contains it. What excites my sympathetic admiration is the balance, which a knowledge of the New Testament, greater than many even among those who aspire to be religious teachers in the modern world seem to possess, has given to her statement of what Christianity actually is. For her it is the personality of Christ manifested not only in His

INTRODUCTION

life, but also and more particularly in His death as apprehended by a living surrender which is, and must be, the constant factor in the re-interpretation of the Christian Faith. To acknowledge Christ as Very God was, she saw clearly, essential to Christianity, if it is to retain its place as a religion. But to a mind so receptive as hers this assurance was never incompatible with a wide tolerance and a willingness to welcome new light.

J. G. SIMPSON.



AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

WHEN, at the request of the Executive Committee of the League of the Church Militant and with the approval and co-operation of Dr. Hanson's family, I undertook to write this Memoir, I was confronted with many difficulties, not the least being that no one had a thorough knowledge of all aspects of Dr. Hanson's life. I had therefore to rely almost entirely on the witness of friends and relatives in various parts of the world—often unknown one to the other. Each contribution proved sectional in interest and usefulness, although at times the information overlapped. I found it almost impossible to visualise the Daughter, the Friend, the Christian, the Traveller, the Medical Woman in the hospital and the school, the Doctor on War Service, the Suffragist in all her many-sided activities, so that I was forced into what might be called a "scissors and paste" method of approach. This method has disadvantages which I am the first to acknowledge; it certainly does not make for balance and continuity. I have quoted extensively and have woven into my own words quotations from unacknowledged sources. I have tried to let Helen Hanson's own words speak wherever possible.

Frequently in too much of a hurry to pay the least attention to literary form, her quick mind ranged the world over to find illustrations streng-

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

thening the argument she wished to support before she dashed on to the next. I have edited little, and in selecting have altered only a word or a phrase here and there when necessary for elucidation or to avoid repetition.

I wish to register my deep gratitude to Dr. Hanson's mother and sister without whose generous help the memoir could not have been written. I have drawn on Miss Hanson for many reminiscences, using her actual words frequently, especially in that section dealing with her sister's childhood. I have gone to her with difficulties, to find unstinted patience at my disposal and help ready for the asking. To both of them, and to all who by money or literary contributions (sometimes both) have made the publication of this book possible, I wish to make acknowledgments, especially to those whose names appear on pages xvii and xviii, also to one or two people who wished to remain anonymous. If any names inadvertently have been omitted, I ask the owners to believe that my gratitude is sincere, even if not formally expressed. I acknowledge indebtedness to several friends who read the manuscript and made useful suggestions, and to those who helped the book through the Press. I must also add the name of Mrs. K. A. Futter (née Basing), well known to Dr. Hanson in the C.L.W.S., who enthusiastically and carefully typed the manuscript.

It is unlikely that this biographical sketch will find its way very far into the literary outer world. Rather is it an attempt to recall to Helen Hanson's friends and colleagues a little

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

of what she did. If it can also convey even a little of what she *was*, perhaps it may serve as a corrective of values to her own generation and a spur and an inspiration to the generations to come. And that, I believe, would be the only justification she would find for its publication.

“More fruitful grows the field;
“Each generation for the next
“Prepares a richer yield.”

E. LOUIE ACRES.

Church House,
Dean's Yard,
S. W. I.

1928.

NOTE BY MISS HANSON.

IT has been a privilege to make any contribution I could to the narrative of my sister's life. Even the little help I have given has made me realise the hours of devoted labour that have been spent on the memoir, the skilful way in which Mrs. Marston Acres has carried out a most difficult task, and the restraint with which, in telling the story, she has so constantly allowed others to speak rather than herself.

The difficulties would have been insuperable to any one who had not been in close contact with Helen during some one period of her life at least, or to one who had lacked so penetrating and sympathetic an understanding of her, especially of the impelling religious faith, which, unobtrusively perhaps, but none the less truly, lay behind her many activities.

On behalf of my sister's family, I would like to thank the author for the service she has rendered, not only to those who knew Helen, but also to others, who may find in this record of her life, an inspiration to lay hold on the things which are not seen, but which are Eternal.

E. M. H.

NAMES OF THOSE WHO ASSISTED IN THE MEMOIR.

Abbott, Miss F. E.
 Acres, W. Marston, Esq.
 Addison, Miss
 Anon.
 Archer, Miss L. G.
 Ashby, Miss E.
 Aylward, Miss E.

Bain, Mrs.
 Bayne, Mrs. Ronald
 Barrett, Lady
 Bell, The Rev. M. F.
 Bell, The Misses
 Benn, Mrs. Wedgwood
 Boyd, Mrs.
 Boyd, Miss
 Bradford, Miss G.
 Bradshaw, Miss L.
 Brown, Dr. Josephine
 Byham, Miss M.
 Byrde, Mrs.

“C.M.C.”

Callender, Dr. Muriel
 Cather, Captain and Mrs.
 Clark, Miss C. E.
 Clifton, Sister
 Clare, Mrs.
 Cooper, Judge Shewell
 Cooksey, The Rev. Father
 Cope, Mrs.
 Cox, Miss E. P.
 Collyer, Miss
 Crowdy, Miss
 Crofts, Mrs.

Darbyshire, The Rev. J.
 Davie, Dr. C. E. Ferguson

De Courcy, Dr. Grace
 Douie, Dr. Mary
 Dunning, Mrs.
 Fairfield, Dr. L. D.
 Fawcett, Miss C.
 Forster, Miss Violet
 Francis, Dr. C. P.

Gaffikin, Dr. P.
 Gaman, Miss T.
 Gray, Dr. J. M. C.
 Green, The Rev. F. M.
 Greensill, Miss B.
 Gunter, Miss E.
 Guest, Dr. E.

Hagon, Miss M.
 Henderson, Mrs.
 Hinscliff, The Rev. C.
 Hodson, Miss B.
 Hogg, Miss Elsie
 Hyde, Miss L.

Jeudivine, J. W., Esq.
 Johnson, Miss G. M.

Kenneth, Miss E. M.
 Kidd, Dr. Mary
 Kinnaird, Hon. Gertrude

Laloe, Miss L.
 Layman, Dr.
 Little, Miss F. M.

Marsh, Miss E. M.
 Monck-Mason, Mrs.
 Monkton, Mrs.
 Manning, Miss Gwen

Macnaughton, Miss S.
Mathieson, Miss E. F.
Mercer, Miss
McCracken, Miss
McDowall, Miss
McIlroy, Prof. Louise
McLellan, Miss L.
McLellan, W., Esq.
McNeill, Dr. Mary
Marsh, Miss
Martindale, Dr.
Morton, Dr. E.
Mossman, O. W., Esq.

Newhall, Miss D. M.
Norton, Mrs.
Nicholson, Miss

Phillips, Mrs.
Platt, Miss A. M.
Pratt, Dr. Sybil

Riddell, Lord
Roberts, Dr. Adeline
Rosseter, Miss M.
Rodgers, Miss Edith
Robinson, Miss H.
Rope, Miss D.
Royden, Miss A. Maude

Sadd Brown, Mrs.
Scharlieb, Dame Mary
Seal, Mrs. Seymour
Shepardson, Mrs.
Shipham, Mrs. Close

Simpson, The Rev. Canon
Sinclair, Miss May
Spicer, Miss K. E.
Spencer, Miss B.
Smith, Miss B.
Smith, Miss Meta
Smith-Rewse, Miss
Soltau, Dr. E.
Strachan, Miss C. E.
Staley, Dr. M. S.
Staley, Miss B. C.
Stanford, Miss F.
Stobart, Mrs. St. Clair
Stevens, Miss C. E.
Stevens, Dr. E. H.
Stevenson, Miss A.

Taylor, Miss M. K.
Tennant, Mrs. Charles
Triphook, Miss C.

Vaughan, Dr. K.
Vickers, Mrs.
Villiers, Miss S. A.
Vyse, Mrs.

Wales, Sydney, Esq.
Wales, Mrs. Sydney
Wall, Mrs.
Ward, Miss F.
Walker, Dr. Jane
Watts, Dr. E. Turner
Watkinson, Mrs. and Staff

Yates, Miss



1875



1882



c. 1890



STUDENT DAYS.

HELEN BEATRICE DE RASTRICKE HANSON

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

HELEN BEATRICE DE RASTRICKE HANSON was born at Dorking on January 6th, 1874, the second of the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hanson. Her elder sister and she were great comrades, being nearly of the same age, the sister younger than Helen dying soon after her second birthday, and the fourth and last child, a boy, being six years Helen's junior.

Her home environment was one of unworldliness and piety, courtesy and service, and she owed much to the encouragement and watchful training of her parents whose controlling sympathy was hers daily in presence or in absence. Her parents and grandparents had been among the first Plymouth Brethren, so that the names of the pioneers in that movement were household words to the children, and they liked to remember their connection, through their father's mother, with the great Quaker family, the Penns.

Before the family left Dorking in 1877, Helen met with an accident. She was trailing a whip behind her and someone stepped on the lash and she fell, breaking her right arm. While the arm

was still in the sling she had yet another fall. As a result of this the elbow never set properly and ever after she was able to give to her arm an abnormal twist, which unique performance was a source of never ending interest to her play-mates. A very early photograph shews an exceedingly bright, eager little face surveying the world with the wise eyes and vivid interest of her grown-up years. She shewed much independence at an early age. One day she glanced critically at the tea table and remarked "no beriety (variety)." Monotony was always distasteful to her. In after life she was extremely abstemious in her food, but used to allow herself some latitude on rare occasions and on holidays, especially when abroad where she could enjoy cakes of the creamy "beriety" without doing violence to her economical principles.

As a small child Helen promised to be domesticated. She would dust and sweep, poking into all the corners, and not a drawer handle must be missed; she would push in drawers and shut cupboard doors and put mats straight. It was at quite an early period in her development that she announced to the world that when she grew up she would read what she liked—this was probably after the family had moved to Richmond.

This move was made in 1877, when Mr. Hanson was transferred to the Richmond Branch of the London and County Bank in George Street. At Richmond the children had their first experience of school. Their father took them for long

walks in the Park and on the Terrace; this they much enjoyed, especially when they could persuade him to entertain them with nonsensical tales of his own invention, or tell them about his school days in Chile or the voyage home when he was wrecked. Their love of adventure was also fostered by listening to letters that their grandfather had sent, years before, describing the great Santiago fire which he had witnessed.

When Helen was seven years old her father was appointed Manager of the London and County Bank at Maldon in Essex. There was plenty of space in their new home, and a large room at the top of the house was turned into a playroom, where, with a plentiful supply of imagination and a few toys, the children never lacked entertainment. They were both fond of clambering about, and occasionally exercised themselves by going round and round the family sitting room without touching the floor, by way of chairs, table, mantelpiece, couch, etc.

The kitchen of the house had a delightful roof, not at a dangerous angle, yet sloping enough to be truly exciting. One side nearly joined the hotel roof next door; a dark crevice lay between, but this could be crossed by holding on to a chimney. The longest way round is invariably the shortest route to children, especially when it is the more interesting, and Marion and Helen would sometimes choose this line of descent when on an errand. If the coast was clear they would run upstairs, climb out of a window on to the roof, and choose a route by the

hotel, a lower roof, a wall and a water butt; or by the gutter, the garden wall and the gate. Outside the sitting room window, on the first floor, was a delightful ledge, just broad enough for them to sit face to face. From this eminence they could look down into the High Street and see all that went on. They could also be seen! That had not occurred to them until two ladies who lived opposite had an interview with their father. Finale! Other adventures were possible, and more might have been achieved but for the hampering sense of propriety's demands.

The children attended two day schools while at Maldon. Once, after they had been at home with bad colds, they were sent to school late to avoid the chill of the early morning hours. This they considered an indignity not to be endured in spite of the letter of explanation they carried. "Better not go at all" they decided, and wandered up and down the roads longing for the morning to be gone. At last the greater misery of uneasy consciences drove them in and they never played truant again. Their last few weeks at Maldon were spent as boarders at school until the house at Bognor, to which the family were moving, was ready for occupation. Helen was very homesick at first, but in the end their mother came too soon to fetch them, for some of their schoolfellows were arranging a farewell party in their hayfield, and it had to be held without the chief guests!

In the summer of 1883 they went to live at "Strathmore," Bognor, where for a time they had a private governess. They then became pupils

at 'Eversley House' School. At Bognor they found never-ending delight on the seashore. Helen quickly learned to swim and they climbed the groynes, clambered over the rough face of the narrow sea wall at the East end of the Parade, and enjoyed the quite forbidden pastime of running along the wall at high tide, dodging the waves that dashed over it.

One school-fellow writes of two amusing episodes at Eversley House that must be quoted.

"A professor from Chichester used to attend the school on one day in each week to give alternate lectures on geology and experimental chemistry, and the girls were encouraged to ask questions. We were either too shy or not sufficiently interested until, one day Helen picked up a curious looking pebble when wandering on the beach with her father. She asked the Principal if she might show it to the professor, and when the day came round, up to the august table went Helen, with her pebble clutched in her hand. It proved to be a good specimen; the professor was interested and classified it. Questions and remarks followed in quick succession in Helen's exceedingly rapid utterance, and the man of science and the child were soon engrossed in a common interest. The mistress in charge, who had rigid notions of order and of keeping to schedule, tried in vain to catch the attentions of the delinquents, and the allotted time had nearly expired before the professor remembered to make his remarks general. There was no self-consciousness about Helen, who seized the pebble and made for her seat, with a name to attach to her cherished

stone before consigning it to her treasure box. What more could she desire? The children had been invited to ask questions. Helen had only asked enough for the whole class!

“On another occasion we were instructed to write an essay on one of the Stuart Kings (I forget which). It was a period which had a fascination for Helen, who asked meekly for a new exercise book as her old one was nearly finished. Having received it, she tucked it under her arm and went straight home. There was not much seen of her out of school until the books were handed in. A day or so afterwards the history mistress sat at the table with a severe expression of face.

“ ‘Helen,’ she said, ‘I asked you to write an essay, not a treatise! It is perfectly absurd nearly to fill an exercise book with one exercise.’ Helen looked rather worried and explained with her usual rapidity that she had not noticed how much she had written until afterwards—was very sorry, but had not somehow been able to stop. Her teacher expatiated on the amount of time spent on correction, and the consumption of stationery that would ensue if other girls did likewise, and, flipping over the leaves of the offending book in which there were startlingly few blank pages left, she finally shut it saying, ‘You must learn to condense.’ ”

During the first years at Bognor the girls still played with their dolls, and their young brother was sometimes allowed to join in and act as doctor to the family. Helen invented for this small brother a kind of serial game in which she was his governess, and they once electrified a passer-by on the parade by addressing each other

as "Miss Lee" and "My son," this being the pet name by which the boy was addressed by his parents.

When Helen was fourteen, the sisters went to school at Brighton, where they were two of the first six resident pupils at "Westcombe," a school started by the Misses Stevens, two cousins of their mother. Helen felt leaving home very much, but she was soon absorbed in study and in fresh friendships, and school under such happy conditions was no ordeal.

"At that time," writes a cousin and school mate, "Helen was already beginning to take life seriously, and had decided on a medical career, working overtime on special subjects for that purpose. On waking in the morning I would usually find her, if the rising bell had not yet gone, already at work looking up something in preparation for that day's classes, but she never was too engrossed to give me a good morning word and smile. She was indeed beloved and admired by all her school fellows, and in spite of her very obvious unusual ability, she never posed as a "star scholar" and was always ready for any fun; but still, one realised that she meant business and was determined to make good use of her life."

The same cousin speaks of Helen as a little girl, as being very sweet tempered and always ready to do anyone a good turn. Another school friend remembers the help she gave to those who did not acquire knowledge easily, and yet another speaks of her lovable nature with gaiety and real

goodness combined. Miss Stevens bears witness to the truth of these reminiscences in the following letter written shortly after Helen's death.

“One or two of her schoolfellows on hearing of her sudden death, wrote me, telling me of the impression which, as a schoolgirl, she made on them by her force of character and originality of mind. This originality, indeed, was not seldom the cause of some teasing and good-humoured ridicule, always taken in good part. She was truly rather a *harum scarum* in those days, and perhaps those who were her friends and teachers scarcely realised the steadfastness of purpose which underlay her *bonhomie* and good spirit. She never spoke an unkind word of anyone, and was always most fair in her judgments and anxious to believe the best.”

Dr. E. H. Stevens, headmaster of Westminster City School, gives other side lights on her character in the following words.

“Handwriting that was the despair of her teachers and her correspondents; speech whose rapidity would have worsted a champion stenographer—these were amusing traits of Helen Hanson, that yet were significant of some of the deeper things of her character. Such quickness of apprehension, such warmth of feeling, such a rush of thought—how could they wait for the formalities of caligraphy or the calculated effects of rhetoric? They could not, any more than that charming face could compose itself for the photographer anxiously awaiting the reposeful moment that never came at his bidding.

“I knew Helen Hanson from her childhood.

Her mother—*quam honoris causa nomino*—and mine were cousins, and at “Westcombe,” my sisters’ school at Brighton, I gave her lessons in Latin, Mathematics and Science. I often tried to reprove her for her failures to achieve the legibility and tidiness beloved of pedagogues, but to tell the truth the improvement she strove to make never went very far. In any case such matters were trifles compared with her intellectual gifts. She had an alertness of mind, a width of interest and at the same time a power of concentration that I have seldom known equalled. They won her* shining successes as a schoolgirl, such as the Honour certificates with 4 or 5 distinctions in Junior and Senior Cambridge Local Exams.; and the winning of a Bedford College Scholarship (which she did not take up) at the University of London Matriculation Exam. and were to carry her triumphantly to the high and coveted distinction of the London M.D. degree. Even in those early days, however, it was clear that her fine brain was not to be the mistress of her life, but rather an instrument for the service that was the natural outpouring of a gay, fearless and devoted heart. . . . Many will join in testifying that to know her was to love her, and to love her was an inspiration.”

A witty schoolfellow immortalised one incident of her training to which Dr. Stevens makes reference, in a humorous poem:—

“When Helen did her “Light and Heat”
 (’Twas difficult and long)
He blamed the way that she did *write*
 The sums that she did *wrong*.”

* See Appendix I.

He crossed them through most *savagely*
And at the end he wrote,
Still feeling rather *crotchety*,
A solemn little *note*.

Of course, this gave poor Helen pain,
But she's a girl of sense,
And so she tried the *sums* again
To make *some* difference.

Her heart was wounded as she read
Each terrible remark,
And so she took her '*Light*' to bed
To do it in the *dark*.

Resolved her sums should now be neat
So that he might not scold,
She got up early to do '*Heat*',
And nearly caught a *cold*.

Next week more pleasant things were said
About her '*Light and Heat*',
This clever girl thus with her *head*
Accomplished quite a *feat*.

CHAPTER II.

A MEDICAL CAREER.

AFTER receiving special coaching at "Westcombe" and elsewhere for her Preliminary Science Examination she went to London to commence her medical studies, where she lived with relatives, first at West Hampstead and then at Acton. They were very fond of Helen and her uncle delighted in teasing her. He said he was glad she had come to live with them as he now always knew which day was Saturday, for Helen did her mending regularly on that day. He also liked her because, although she wrote many letters, she was not particular as to when they were posted.

After her death Dame Mary Scharlieb wrote—

"I knew Helen Hanson best as a student, when she was a member of my class on Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the School of Medicine for Women. She was always diligent and a good worker in all respects, in fact her student life gave ample promise of future usefulness, a promise which was well redeemed by her years of hard work, unfortunately brought to an accidentally premature termination."

When one doctor heard that Helen was a missionary student he exclaimed "How she will

amuse the heathen!" In India, later, she was called the laughing Miss Sahib.

Of these days, a fellow student writes—

"My earliest recollection of Helen is of her in her first year at the London School of Medicine for Women, at that time established in two or three adapted old houses in Judd Street, on the site of the present modern building. Helen was so full of vivacity and the joy of life, and so unlike the conventional idea of a missionary student that she impressed us all. It was she who startled the authorities by suggesting a Christmas Party, and subsequently succeeded in obtaining a reluctant consent, on condition that no male persons were invited. The party was a great success and the next year the request being repeated, permission was given to include male persons of guaranteed propriety such as fathers and brothers of the students and married members of the staff. As an outcome of Helen's original suggestion I believe an annual party has been a matter of custom at the school."

Another incident of these student days illustrates her musical ability—or lack of it. She had no great love for music, indeed she often confessed to being bored by instrumental music, and at one of the School of Medicine parties she volunteered to act an organ-grinder's part. She was most successful in singing out of tune and no one would believe her when she said it came natural to her, and was in fact the best she could do.

In 1897, during her training, Helen had her

first trip abroad. Her letters from Switzerland in which she had "a hopeless amount to tell" shewed her powers of observation and her keen appreciation of all that she saw and experienced. She commented on everything. The scenery; the people; the food; climbing exploits; visits to Cathedrals (Calvin's chair and pulpit at Geneva receive special mention); the foreign matches which "are horrid, they squirt and splutter and won't burn, and simply suffocate you with sulphur"; the finding of a "lovely glow-worm with a brilliant green light"; a game of chess with a fellow traveller; the methods of the foreign washer-woman; the flowers and vegetation; the mosquitoes; the glow on the snow-capped mountains; the sunrise; a thunderstorm; all receive due notice. But even *her* powers of expression failed, and in one letter she says, "About this place I have nothing to say. I must wait until I have at my command the dictionary celestial."

She took the London M.B. degree in 1901, and three years later the London M.D. and B.S. By the time she had completed her training, her family were living at Hounslow, but as she had held posts at the St. Pancras Infirmary and the Hospital for Women and Children at Bristol during this period, and had been clinical assistant at Morpeth and Menston County Asylums, she was not much at home. She was with her people for a short time when they moved to Willesden in the Spring of 1905, but later in the same year she left for India.

When one considers the exceptional mental

powers with which she was gifted and her enthusiasm for her work, it may seem somewhat surprising that she did not rise to a place of eminence in the medical world. Had she devoted her whole time and attention to her profession there is, I think, little doubt that she would have done so, but conscious as she was of her high calling and the dignity of her profession, there was a stronger passion still that controlled her life and that was her love for humanity. Her medical training was but a means to an end, and it was this burning desire for service that made her spread her energies over many departments of life, instead of concentrating them on intensive work in one field.

Helen was always most interested in anything done by other medical women, and spoke of the pioneers in the medical world with affectionate admiration. She was deeply disappointed to learn in 1917 when Dr. Mary Scharlieb's work was recognised in the national honours list that she had only been given the C.B.E. and she was one of the first to send her congratulations when later that well-known doctor received the D.B.E. The promptitude with which this was done is truly characteristic. On July 3rd, 1926 as she was starting out for St. Martin-in-the-Fields to join in the 8.15 a.m. Corporate Communion of the League of the Church Militant in preparation for the great Franchise Demonstration, she glanced at *The Times* and found Dame Mary's name in the honours' list. A note of congratulation was immediately dashed off and left at Harley Street

on her way to Trafalgar Square, this being the first to be received by Dame Mary. The letter of thanks received by Helen in reply, had evidently been read but shortly before her accident on July 6th. I remember hearing her say that she felt it so splendid when women kept their youthful spirit even in old age, so that they were able to be pioneers in other fields where the victory had yet to be won, as shewn for example in the amazingly-youthful outlook of such a woman as Dr. Garrett-Anderson, who was in the forefront of the battle for opening the medical profession to women, and yet could take so keen an interest in the emancipation of women in the political sphere. At the same time she was always more than ready to find excuse for those who grew somewhat reactionary with advancing years. One could not imagine age having this effect on *her*, but she was never put to the test. Had she been, one feels convinced she would not have failed the next generation.

CHAPTER III.
MISSIONARY PERIOD.—INDIA.

HELEN had always wanted to be a missionary. Her ambition as a school girl had been to go out to Africa. However, the crying need of the women of India called to her, and in 1905 she joined the staff of the Kinnaird Mission Hospital at Lucknow. The valedictory meeting was held in the Exeter Hall on Wednesday, October 11th, 1905, when she gave her reasons for desiring to go to the Mission Field.

*“As you have heard, I have not yet been in India, so I am afraid I have not anything interesting to speak of. I can only say a few things with regard to the light in which missions have appealed to me. I suppose that if one frequents missionary meetings, one may be considered interested in missions, and probably even keen on missions; and yet how frequently, out of a large number of such, comparatively few have any idea of going abroad themselves. Not one of those interested people but believes that doing right is, like honesty, the best and most truly satisfactory policy, and not one but agrees that this statement applies just as much to great things as to small, and amongst others, as to the decision where one settles oneself in

* Quoted extensively from "The Zenana," Nov. 1905.

life. But it is here, as much as anywhere else, that I think the saying is true that 'the good is the enemy of the best.' For there are so many things in the world that it is absolutely good to do with one's life. It is so good to go on living at home, doing ordinary kindnesses to people, and things that will give pleasure to friends; to help those one knows to be 'down on their luck'; and to throw the weight of one's opinion, even if it is only a feather's weight, on the right side of the questions of the present day. And it is so good to take a share in the work of the world, to go in for philanthropy or home missions; or to devote oneself to study; there are all the delights of science, for instance; who can call it anything but good to spend a lifetime in examining the thought of the Creator as embodied in the fascinating handiwork of His creation? Then there is music; is He not the Author of that amongst other good things that have come down to us from the Father of Lights; and did He not make the ear wherewith to appreciate it? And art—did He not form the eye—and give men talent to fashion works for its gratification? All these things are so much worth doing—if we had a hundred lives we could fill them easily, happily, legitimately, and yet the question is, is one sure in one's own case that either of these paths is the best to follow? The fact remains that the Son of God—the one perfect Person Whom this world has ever seen, the One in Whom all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hid, the One by Whom the worlds were made, and Who is therefore entitled, more than anyone else, to know what is most important and necessary to do with a life on this earth—thought it worth while to empty Himself, taking the form

of a servant and being made in the likeness of men, in order that whosoever believed on Him should not abide in darkness. And He gave it as the supreme object of His Incarnation to seek that which was lost. Since it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, we, His followers, agree that this should be the underlying object of all our activities, and yet it is curious how comparatively seldom this aim comes to the surface in the desire to do foreign work. It is not that we can think the good things of art, science, philanthropy and progress generally will suffer if too many of us devote ourselves more exclusively to religion, for it is noticeable when the Kingdom of God is first sought that all these things are added, not always to the individual perhaps, but to the people at large; so that where Christianity has most flourished, there have all these other blessings appeared as side-products, and the whole thing seems to move, not in a vicious, but in a benign, circle.

. . . Notwithstanding that so many of us do most thoroughly believe in missions, there are still so few recruits. Perhaps in the days when mission work meant such complete isolation, such indomitable patience and perseverance before any visible results were obtained, it had been better to have waited till one was an accredited saint, or had a distinct vision like St. Paul. . . . Perhaps one would hesitate still for the Cannibal islands, or the far interior of China, but there are many other places where quite ordinary people can be of use—I have known a fair number—and some, where people less than ordinary may hope to be of some use, or I should not be going myself. Of course, not everyone can leave home—there are many reasons

—first and foremost a firm conviction that more effective work can be done for God's kingdom otherwise; or ill-health, or invalid relatives interfere, or a dozen things no one has the right to know but oneself—and mercifully none may judge for another in this—to his own Master he standeth or falleth. But if no one can judge for another, so also can no one make excuses for another, and no amount of people who think one is doing such excellent work at home or can't feel it could be right to leave one's family, will be able to exculpate us if we are really doing that which we need not do, and leaving undone that which we ought to do. If when we come to fall on sleep we are not able to say we have served our generation according to the will of God, in England; if, at the end of our lives—which are not ours to repeat or correct—we find that we have missed that place in the scheme of the universe wherein we could have most contributed to the welfare of the whole; if, in the face of all we knew about missions, in the face of what we know the existence of Christ has meant to us . . . we find we have held back, from a reluctance to cause a few people pain at our departure . . . if when we search the cause of our omission, we can, to our intense chagrin, discover only a little selfishness, a little stupidity, a little slackness, a little indifference, of what disastrous and incredible folly we shall accuse ourselves!"

On her first appearance in the Mission field, Helen and her companion were met at Allahabad station in the early hours of the morning by the daughter of the Acting Secretary for the Zenana mission, who wrote afterwards:

“No one could have had a happier reward than when the vivacious new doctor, Miss Sahib, with her companion, so refreshingly greeted her countrywoman. From the moment when my eyes met hers I knew we had someone ‘alive’ come into our midst, and in my heart I rejoiced that she was no frump! Straight away, without any waste of time, came questionings about place and people, and interwoven, that gift of all gifts—making you feel that you yourself were also of some value.”

“When Dr. Hanson offered her services to the Committee of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission we were greatly needing reinforcements for our hospital,” writes the Hon. Gertrude Kinnaird. “In previous years we were in the habit of training suitable candidates and thus helping them to undertake a medical training, but at the time of her offer we had ceased to do this and she was asked to be present at a Committee Meeting. Well do I remember that interview. Miss Morley was in the Chair and Dr. Hanson captivated all by her attractive personality and keen desire to give her services to the women of India in one of our hospitals, and we accepted her as truly a gift from God. It was in November, 1905, that she sailed, and in the last week of that month she took up her duties at the Lady Kinnaird Memorial Hospital at Lucknow, where she endeared herself to her fellow workers.

“Dr. Helen Hanson was immediately struck with the amount of work done by one lady doctor in India, in a trying climate and often in intense heat, as compared with that done in a hospital at home by one resident doctor with three visiting physicians and three surgeons, all with

years of medical experience. The needs of India's women and children are so great that it is difficult for the doctors not to overwork. . . . During the year 1906 Dr. Hanson was still working in Lucknow. 'Patients of all kinds,' writes a member of the staff, 'attend the dispensary, the strictest Purdah Mohammedan women, the very highest caste Hindus, middle-class women of all kinds, as well as the simplest, poorest village women.' Dr. Hanson made herself understood by them, and her cheerful vivacity and power of sympathy won their confidence and love, and patiently she attended to their wants and soothed their anxieties. The year 1907 found Dr. Hanson still working with Dr. Mayne at Lucknow, and in 1908 she was in charge when Dr. Mayne came home on furlough. Dr. Hanson also during her time in India took charge of the Victoria Hospital at Benares and the hospital at Jaunpur. Everywhere she went she endeared herself to her fellow workers and proved a most interesting and amusing companion. No one could be dull when she was there. Unfortunately insomnia prevented her from getting the necessary rest, so much needed to fit her for her arduous work, and she had to come home on furlough in 1909 and was never allowed to return to India. The Society had reluctantly to accept her resignation, and India sustained a great loss."

CHAPTER IV.
INDIA—*continued.*

HELEN'S letters from India are full of interest in her new surroundings, and she was out to enjoy everything, both work and play.

“I am very pleased with everything so far, and simply delighted I came. From the work point of view one could not have done better. I have already done things (or helped to) that I have never seen done at home. The women are some of them charming, as trustful and affectionate as children, rather embarrassingly so sometimes, when they try to embrace you! As for the brown children, they are more perky and quaint than anything in the world.

I have only just begun my holidays, and on the plains in the hot weather one's working day becomes limited to about 8 hours; and when four or five of these are spent in hospital, and another one or two in housekeeping (which devolved on me while some of the others were away) one simply has time for nothing else. However, I did not really get knocked up at all, which was quite creditable, and it was very jolly doing hospital work again. Now, I am staying with a medical friend. It is really very good of her to have asked me, as I have not seen her for about seven years nor



IN INDIA. C. 1907.

corresponded. But I spotted her wedding in the B.M.J. (really a most romantic magazine) and here I am established in a heavenly spot for six weeks. We are 7,000 feet odd above the sea and have a most glorious view of the hills half round the horizon. . . . They have two horses up here and I am going to be taught to ride, but my saddle (which a benevolent girl in Lucknow lent me) has not yet arrived by the dilatory carrier. This is a very quiet Station, but it is an amusing change for me to be amongst things military, and I am getting quite coached up in Army matters. It is also good to go away to people quite outside Mission circles, because, jolly as the Lucknow people are, one soon gets groovey. It is quite exciting up here. The first night I was told that I must not leave my windows wide open as panthers were apt to stroll in!

“I have just come back from my first ride. Glorious! Five miles there and back and 1,000 feet down and up bridle paths and steep hills either side. Great sport. As I succeeded in sticking on, even when galloping, I am going to have a pedigree dachshund given me. Very superior! In fact people in India have already begun the terrible habit of loading me with kindnesses I cannot possibly return.”

After returning to her work she wrote:

“I have had a very splendid holiday up on the hills, staying, with my usual good luck, with an old medical friend who had married an army doctor. The jolliest thing was that I had a glorious lot of riding. I have pined for it all my life, and found it even better than I expected.

. . . . We are affectionately contemplating (in the air) getting a car here; it would really be so much better than horses, as some of these feel the heat as much as humans do. I was really very lucky. We had a cool Summer as things go—never above a hundred degrees in the house, and I found the climate bearable—only I was about as energetic as a boiled cabbage. The bother was I could sleep so little, and I abhor not sleeping. I never had much intellect, but what I did have has completely evaporated. I cannot remember English words even. I saw rather a good rhyme the other day by an American—

“Full many a mortal young and old
Has gone to his sarcophagus
By pouring water icy cold
Adown his hot oesophagus.”

But her interest in her new environment could not lessen her love and concern for her friends at home. They were constantly in her mind. She wrote to one

“I can't remember how long it is since I heard from you but it seems like two 'cycles of Cathay,' so I am beginning to feel anxious as to how you are, especially as nearly everybody I know has been ill since I left home, and just lately two or three people have died, so that, as M. says, 'It is really a treat to see anybody alive and well.' If you could therefore kindly postpone your departure to the next world until after my return home I should esteem it a very great personal favour! It's really only a year and a bit now, although the 'bit' is about 11 months and 30 days. Still it need not be two absolutely whole years, and that makes the time seem quite short. Not

that I am at all tired of India. I find it as fascinating as ever, but I am beginning to feel I should like to see everyone again.

“There’s a fearful amount of plague in Lucknow at present. Half the native bazaars are deserted. It’s like going through a city of the dead, or, to be less poetical, London on Sunday! The natives are quite sure the Government sends it. They think the old Queen can’t get into heaven until she has taken so many million souls with her, and it’s so unfortunate that it was only last year when the Prince was out that we did have no plague at all practically.

“So X. has arrived in the realms of the blessed! Most exciting, isn’t it? I have just been going over the people of our year and really we are a very spinstery lot. I think you and she are the only ones—even after 14 years—who are married—all remain *in statu quo*. X. had written round for a six months’ locum a few weeks previously—so, whether this was done as a blind in the guile of her heart, or whether the wedding was fixed up with great speed, I don’t know! The only suspicious thing was the way she discussed marriage when I saw her in October last. It used not to be a favourite theme of hers.

“I have been having a very jolly holiday with friends at Muttra and Agra. Agra has a Taj which is worth going leagues to see, and at Muttra I had a lot of riding and tennis and some shooting and fencing. I observe the latter would be rather sport to practise, and must be very good for helping one to make up one’s mind on the spot. The horse I was lent has gone back now—but I have the offer of another—people are benevolent out here, it seems to be a

sort of 'let us eat, drink and be friends, for to-morrow we die' sort of a game. I came off the pony's back once, and found tobogganing off his flank one of the pleasantest sensations I had ever enjoyed and certainly not the least alarming. As it was on 'The Ladies' Mile' I did not get a bruise or a shake even. The weather is very mild for this time of year—in fact the heat is quite enjoyable. India is a delightful country, and I could not have fallen on a life I like better than this one. We are having excellent work just now—there's a run of appendicitis on—you will soon find our names have far eclipsed Treves! When we get admission to the colleges and Woman's Suffrage I shall have nothing left to wish for.

"You seem to be having a jolly time, but this partiality for European countries seems to me insular and Little-English. *Why not try India?* I can recommend it warmly. Of course, this advice is quite disinterested—it's not that I want to see you at all!

"Just now I am camping, which is very good sport. I began sleeping very badly again in the cold weather and became quite imbecile and bad-tempered to a degree that I really found very humorous, though I think it must have bored other people. So, as I luckily got an invitation from some people I met to come camping with them, I departed. It's an amusing kind of existence, rough and ready to a degree; even I, who can never be bothered about my personal appearance, live in a state of untidiness which I deprecate. But with one tiny looking glass 6 inches by 4 inches tied up with string, what can one do? However, it is great sport, and the people I am with, the father, mother,

two sisters and two brothers, out of a family of 12, are about the 'goodest' and the jolliest I've ever seen. Moreover, one rides a good deal, and, most amusing, one shoots. It is just possible I may come home this Spring instead of next—but I very much do not want to—as I should like to complete the $3\frac{1}{2}$ years I came for."

A colleague, writing in the magazine of the Royal Free Hospital said

"Her work in India was extremely good, and, although she suffered greatly from insomnia, her cheerfulness and courage never failed, neither did she give way to the irritability which is so extremely difficult to control in the hot weather; her power of coming up smiling under stress and strain was great. A marked trait in her character was her humility and her admiration for others, some of whom were certainly inferior to herself. India is a country where we all live in glass houses, and where criticism of friends as well as foes is characterised by amazing frankness, but a lady who knew her well said to me 'I have never heard Dr. Hanson make a disparaging remark about anybody or ever say anything that was in the least unkind or critical.' She had a rare courage and a joy in her work. . . . But above all . . . was her fairness and kindness of heart and capacity for friendship—and, although she did not work many years in India, she has always been interested in Medical Mission work and has spoken for Missions and attended Medical Missionary Meetings. On July 2nd of this year (1926) she spoke to students and others at 33, Surrey Street, Strand, and said to me, as she was going out: 'I had such a good

time in India'; to myself I said: 'I thought you would: we see what we bring with us.' "

She found the study of the language fascinating and, not being afraid of ridicule, launched out with characteristic courage into practising her phrases, and she was soon chattering Urdu almost as quickly as she spoke English. "All the patients take an interest in the language," she wrote to a friend, "and seem to consider themselves responsible for one's advance."

A fellow missionary wrote of several incidents of Helen's life in India.

"In her first year she was much interested in the effect the heat had on people. . . . The heat was terrific, but she kept so cheerful, and even wrote long letters to those on the hills. Letter writing in the heat is a great burden to all, but she didn't mind, although the hospital work was very heavy and these letters had to be written late in the evening when she really ought to have been in bed. One day, while she was in Lucknow, two fellow missionaries were passing through on their way back from the hills—they had written and asked her to get some things and send them to the station—she did so, but sent at the same time a large sheet of brown paper with two big splashes of grease on it, saying, 'This is what we are reduced to.' One evening, when we were returning from church, we passed her going out to see a patient. She had her lighted lamp on the front seat of the carriage while she was stooping over writing a letter. She had such a voluminous correspondence she seized every opportunity to write."

CHAPTER V.

A CRITICAL DISSERTATION ON URDU.

IN addition to her medical work and language study, letter writing and the hundred other claims on her attention, Dr. Hanson found time to do some literary work. Papers to be read at conferences; articles on Woman's Suffrage; reports for the British Medical Journal; a booklet on "The Most Interesting Patients in the World," to be used for propaganda purposes by the Z.B.M.M.S. and some MSS. that never saw the light of print. One, "A Critical Dissertation on Urdu," written after less than a year's study of the language is certainly amusing.

Critical Dissertation on Urdu. By O.W.D.K.
(One Who Doesn't Know). (With apologies to those who do).

"Amongst the many apparently useless and improbable statements considerably committed to memory in our youth, in order to oblige our elders, is the one that a language indicates the character of a people.

"On the face of it, this was absurd; for amongst our early acquaintances in the linguistic line, what tongue but had a phrase for a 'gardener's book' or a 'sister's penwiper?' And how could the difference between *buch* and *livre* indicate whether the persons using the words

were good, bad or indifferent? However, a prolonged sojourn in the schoolroom usually led one to the conclusion that there was more truth in some of these wild assertions of our betters than at first met the eye, and a very brief sojourn in the 'furrin parts' that lie 'east of Suez' convinces one thoroughly of the correctness of this particular statement regarding languages. The remarkable people who speak the Urdu tongue betray themselves at every turn, and, as a prolonged residence in the country might possibly modify one's views, it will doubtless be better to write up them and their language at once while one's impressions are vivid and striking, and probably erroneous, rather than wait for them to become merely correct.

"To proceed, therefore, at once to some of the more pronounced of their peculiarities. One will hardly have been in India a few days before their vague interpretation of 'meum' and 'tuum' strikes one, but their language forms their ample justification. Instead of saying 'This is mine,' like a sensible Englisher, they say 'This is *mere pas*, or 'Near me,' and this phrase is beautifully and most logically consistent with their behaviour. For instance, oil lamps are one's chief means of illumination here, and as long as you are sitting in your room in the evening and the oil is near you, all is well. But should the whole household adjourn in a body to a dinner party, the oil becomes near the servants rather than near you, and consequently theirs. So they extinguish the lamps, empty out the oil and appropriate it. That possession is nine-tenths of the law we know at home; but to make juxtaposition such is to go one better. Owing to this peculiar theory, the verb 'to have' becomes

a superfluity, consequently there is not such a one in the language, the nearest equivalent being 'to keep.' Thus what they preach with their tongue completely tallies with what they practise with their hands.

“Another feature which immediately obtrudes itself upon one’s notice, is the native’s stupendous disregard of time, consequently what do we see in the language? Only the same word *Kal* to denote yesterday and to-morrow—only the same word, *parson*, to denote the day before and the day after—only the same word *tarson* to denote the day before and the day after that.

“Then their tenses are a confused medley of past, present and future, e.g., the past conditional is formed by adding ‘if’ to the present participle; the future conditional by adding ‘if’ to the past tense. So, too, ‘might have’ is rendered by adding the past participle to the future of the verb ‘to be.’

“Even their politeness leads them to make confusion worse confounded. For instance, you order your carriage to be ready by 3-30 p.m. When the time comes, you enquire, ‘Has it arrived?’ ‘Yes, just now it has come,’ is the reply. You go out, but there is no trace of a carriage to be seen, and none appears for half an hour. They were merely speaking optimistically, wishing to oblige, and to fall in with your views; and inasmuch as past, present and future are all one to them, what will happen presently has as good as happened already.

“This use—not to say abuse—of language, seems to give one a hint of the philosophical trend of their character. It is often so difficult in the West, when contemplating the infinite,

to eliminate from one's conceptions the ideas of time and space. Personally, I always found the former more difficult to annihilate than the latter. Should anyone else feel the same, let me recommend a trip to India.

“At yet another point do the customs of the country bring one into contact with the infinite. I forget what particular astronomer—Proctor, I think,—maintains that in infinity, twice two is no longer of necessity four, but may conceivably be five. So that if one buys one cauliflower for 2d., on taking ‘a quantity’ of two, one loses by the transaction. Exactly the same thing happens here. If your punkah coolies (so called, doubtless, because they cool you with the punkah) pull for you for a few days only, you pay them twopence a day; if for a full month, you give them four rupees, or sixty-four pence, which is, of course, twopence or fourpence over, as the case may be.

“Then, reverting to the time conception again, the common people have no word for ‘wait.’ *Rah dekhne*, ‘to look along the road’ (for some one), is the expression they use. They squat on their haunches and chat, or bargain, or sleep, or smoke the hookah, and why should any of these pleasant occupations be tainted by the breath of the suspicion of annoyance and irritation that always lurks—to the English mind—in the word ‘wait?’ They are only too delighted to prolong a period of blissful idleness.

“Another of their characteristics is love of display. Nothing must be done unostentatiously, nothing without show. Their word for ceremony of any kind is *tamasha*, or ‘spectacle.’ This fact indicates two other things as well; one, that they are quite impervious to noise; the

right down hideous row of the proceedings may far eclipse all other features, but that is quite disregarded, it is unnoticed. What they see is what affects them. As a corollary to this trait, they have no proper word for 'quietly,' 'slowly and gently' is the nearest equivalent—a sort of *lentement*, and thoroughly do they carry out one's injunctions in that respect. The second thing indicated is their aversion to any exertion whatever. Compare the strenuous terms 'function' or 'performance,' or 'bust up,' with their languid and feeble 'spectacle.' This inherent laziness is shown many times in language. Instead of saying to a patient, 'you will get your medicine in the next room' you inform him that 'it will meet him there.' They do not feel hungry or cold, or have fever. Oh, no! that is all much too active. Hunger and fever 'cling' to them.

“In Western grammars, the active mood of a verb is displayed as chief, the passive as secondary thereto. Not so in the Eastern. The root is, e.g. 'to be made,' the first derivative form 'to make' and the second (in which they all revel) to 'cause to be made.' No one ever does anything himself in this country, he always causes someone to do it. For instance, you tell the bearer you want bricks to put under your trunks to preserve them from the ants. The bearer tells the gardener, who tells his coolie, who may or may not condescend to bring them to the ayah, who will probably leave them in your room for you to place under your boxes yourself. A very regrettable incident resulted from this same aggravating mood the other day. I asked the cook, who lives out, to leave some shoes at the native bazaar to be mended. He

replied, as I thought, 'that is the bearer's (butler's) work.' Much surprised, I took them to that resplendent gentleman, who, as I expected, said he could not do the job. I went into the office, and the next thing that happened was that two angry individuals burst in upon me, gesticulating and shouting, the bearer incensed that the cook had allotted to him so menial a task, the cook enraged that the bearer should accuse him of saying what he had not said. Eventually I found out that what the cook did say was 'it is the bearer's work to cause them to be mended.' After prolonged argument, blows were staved off, but they are still not on speaking terms.

"Then, indicative of the fact that no one ever takes the blame of anything, and that you can never find out whose fault a thing is, they have this remarkable linguistic arrangement; a verb, e.g. to break, a verb to be broken, and a verb to be in a broken condition, to - have - got - broken - somehow - or - other - without - casting - any - unpleasant - reflections - on - anybody sort of thing; so that you may break something on purpose, or it may be broken by someone intentionally, but when you want to say it was broken by the carelessness of Mary Anne, you must say it is in a broken condition, and if you find out who the agent is, you are lucky indeed. Sometimes, of course, Mary Anne in England has found that the jug has come to pieces in her hand, or is in a broken condition without her knowing how it became so, but these occurrences are multiplied out here. Then let anyone at home who suffers from being called a chatterbox come to India, he will soon be put in the shade. It takes at least five minutes and much circumlocu-

tion for the native to convey the simple ideas of 'yes' and 'no,' and as an indication of their verbosity, they have about six Urdu words to one English. This, of course, enables one to say the same thing six times over without ugly repetition. One can, for instance, at once think of six general words for 'servants' beside a separate term for every conceivable variety. This shows, too, their grandiose ideas, of which their constant use of the third person is another indication. Any menials are addressed as '*tum*' or 'you'; *ap*, with the word in the third person plural, has to be used for all equals, and the editorial 'we' is in constant employ. But, even in this remarkable tongue, there are one or two good points, from the point of view, at least, of a suffragette. Nearly all the nouns of grace, beauty, strength, or worth are in the feminine gender; and in such an everyday, continually-used phrase, for instance, as *Ma-bap* (Parents) the *ma*, or mother, always stands first, notwithstanding the fact that woman is avowedly held in such low esteem.

"These few remarks will, I trust, be sufficient to guide the beginner (should he wish to begin), into the right paths for exploring the riches of this interesting and beautiful tongue. In conclusion, I should like to say, so well do people and language accord that one is seldom seriously annoyed by either, the two form one such harmonious whole, that one loses sight of individual shortcomings in pleasurable contemplation of the symmetry of the entire entity."

P.S.—"Any mistakes, mistranslations or misinterpretations, obscurity, awkwardness, or ill-advisedness of language are all due, please believe, to printer's errors."

CHAPTER VI.

MISSIONARY WORK AND A RETURN TO ENGLAND.

IN writing, as in speech, Helen Hanson found it difficult to keep within prescribed limits. She never learned "to condense" as she was bidden to do by her schoolmistress at Bognor. In her notes on work in the mission field, she discussed questions of all kinds, extraneous and apposite, some of which are included in the following:—

"There is a horrid idea," she wrote of her experience in India, "that to be a missionary is to be necessarily heroic. True, one can but admire those who live up country and see a white face only once in several years, or those who work near the North Pole and get their letters 12 months late, but the idea that the ordinary Indian Missionary hasn't many more compensations than hardships seems to me to be about as erroneous as the other idea that all missionaries are knaves and fools. Some one perhaps comes out to the country for a short time; he sees his social equals riding miles in jolting bullock carts; he reflects on the comfortable taxis at home and thinks 'How tragic'! Not at all. It is part of the eternal fitness of things and it is only convention and hurry that makes one never essay a donkey-cart in England. Or a frog

appears in his room, and a centipede on the verandah and he says 'How horrible!' By no means. One of our sisters, during her second year in India, was told one morning that a snake had been found crawling across the pathway. 'Oh!' she commented, 'Then the hot weather must be coming.' That portentous and terrifying beast had sunk to the level of a season-indicator, like a mere nightingale. Sometimes, when we read the accounts of India by these kind travellers, we hardly recognise ourselves. It is 'seeing ourselves as others see us' with a vengeance, and in a way very different from what Burns intended. One feels always 'This may be true of every other missionary; it certainly is not so of me.' The life of a medical is one of pure delight; but by some merciful dispensation of providence, every missionary deems his own work the most interesting; and those who work in schools, zenanas, villages, hospitals, respectively, have always a little pity in their hearts for workers in different branches, though they may be too polite to say so. One feels that it is those who work at home who are really to be admired—in the dreary office, in the monotonous doing of never-ending housework, in the sordid London slums. In India every day there is something fresh and curious to learn. One can usually serve humanity on a larger scale in India than in England, and when the last word comes to be said what more can the heart of anyone desire than to serve his generation according to his fullest capacity, which must surely be—since there is no waste in His economy—according to the will of God.

'In England one feels one is a body possessed of a soul; in India, it is the other way about.

One is a soul, temporarily and for the moment encased in a body—and feeling at times a suppressed eagerness to be quit of that mortal coil which veils from one the spiritual essence of things. There is something in India that promotes mysticism and the culture of the soul, and opposes materialism. Coming into contact with non-Christian religions—Hinduism especially—has been immensely interesting and left me with a far greater conception of God. Theoretically before, one believed the whole world was in His care, but practically one often regarded Him—like the Jews—as a tribal deity, a God of Europe, of America and Australia, but not one who was in vital touch with Asia or Africa, except in so far as missionaries had been able to represent Him faithfully in certain spots, and one looked on them even more as ambassadors than as co-workers. Imagine one's delight, then, to find such traces of God there, to realise that He had been seeking these other sheep all through the ages. . . . Truly there is greater joy in one meeting with the hand of God in non-Christian India than in 99 such meetings in Christian England. Had the Church obeyed her Master's command and earlier taken the gospel to every creature, the more mystic and contemplative character of the Hindu might have prevented that acrimony of our religious dissensions which strike one with such poignant distress when one comes back from abroad.

“There is one virtue in the East, the *sine qua non* of a religious man—viz. an unruffled mind. It is unthinkable that a holy man should lose his temper.”

She tells with evident appreciation a story

of a man who offered to show which was the chief of three Gods. He visited the first two, who were asleep; he kicked them awake, and they were both angry. The third was also asleep, and he too was kicked into consciousness. On awakening he apologised and said "I am so sorry. I fear the impact of my body may have hurt your foot." He was, therefore, proclaimed the most Godlike of the three.

Then, as regards the position of women, she writes,

"Here, as an Englishwoman, one speaks with sorrow of heart. Here, if anywhere, our mission work deserves to break down. For, hugging our own sins, and with unclean hands and an impure heart, we are keeping tight-riveted the chains on women at home, and yet, because those chains are fewer in number than those that bind our Indian sisters, we are going unctuously to Indian men and urging them, in the name of Christianity, to recognise that women have souls.

"There is a great incentive to professional work abroad. Sometimes, by quite trivial operations, one may save life, two or three times in one day. Even in Harley Street one can generally feel, after a day's work, 'After all so and so could have done it nearly as well.' But in India it is a '*hic solus*,' had you not been there it would not have been done."

I think she too had learned something of the inner repose of the Holy Man who refused to show any indication of temper, however people treated him. Yet she knew the power of righteous

indignation when she exercised it on behalf of other people, or causes dear to her heart. It is noteworthy that "The Woman's Question" creeps in here as elsewhere. It was never far from her mind.

When finally she had to give up her work with the Z.B.M.M.S. she went to Madras for a short time and then stayed in Egypt with a medical friend and her sister. The sister recalls the visit with pleasure and admiration.

"We had just returned from a Christmas trip up the Nile and Helen caught fire from our rhapsodies and vowed that she must see these wonderful things too. What Helen wanted to get she always did get in some wonderful way, yet it is a costly business, and we were interested to see how she would achieve it. She left us shortly to visit Cairo. When she returned to us we heard the tale as far as it had progressed. We had gone up the river in the humble post boat, but tourists with money to burn have the choice of two lines of pleasure steamers, which do the rivers and its wonders in palatial style, with expeditions, dragoman and all complete. One line was run by Thos. Cook and the rival one was called, I think, the Anglo-American Service. Helen had first attacked Cook on the advantages of having a lady doctor on board for the benefit of lady passengers. Cook was, however, old-fashioned and chilly, and there was nothing doing. The rival line, however, was much more open-minded. True, they argued feebly, such a thing had never been done before, but, as Helen said, the more reason why they should quickly begin, and here she was at their service to carry

the idea into effect. Their defences were all carried in Helen's most energetic style, and at last they said there were no vacancies just then, but if she liked to hold herself in readiness to move at a moment's notice they would consider the idea if opportunity offered. So Helen gave her address and bided her time, never doubting her luck. And it came; . . . a wild wire to come at once. Then what a scuttling there was to catch the morning train to Cairo. Things were flung into her trunk, anyhow. Her best hat she tucked under one arm, and her nightdress, discovered under the pillow by the suffragi, who pursued her to the door with it, she composedly tucked under the other. And so she fared to the station and a delightful trip up the Nile for nothing, leaving us quite speechless with admiration at her strategy."

She returned home via Italy, saw Naples and Pompeii, climbed Vesuvius, visited Rome and Florence, and only missed Venice on account of a threatened attack of influenza. Truly, when it is remembered that she was returning from India owing to ill-health, one is indeed rendered "speechless" by such energy. Someone in India, when bidding her goodbye, expressed the hope that she would come back looking a little less than one hundred and fifty! This candid remark gave Helen the greatest delight, but it shews the state of her health. Her spirit never flagged, however tired her body might be, but after reaching England in the Spring of 1909, she realised that she must for the present give up all thoughts of returning to India.

After some weeks of rest and a short period of medical work in the country, she entered into what was to be her main professional work for the remainder of her life. In the Autumn of 1909 she was engaged as a temporary and part-time assistant medical officer under the L.C.C. ; later she was placed on the permanent full-time staff. She had to carry out regular and detailed inspection of the scholars in the L.C.C. Schools, and recommend any necessary treatment, although the medical officers were not themselves allowed to treat the children. This was a complete change from the medical and surgical treatment of hospital patients that she had formerly experienced—especially in India, where she had recently had such a wide range of experience and such opportunities for surgery, a branch of the work in which she felt particular interest. She brought to her new work, which of necessity included a large amount of routine, all her gifts of enthusiasm and originality. The “Preventive” side of this work attracted her, and she interested herself in the parents of the children, and did all she could to ensure that the next generation should have a better chance of health than their mothers and fathers. She often used her influence to get the children extra nourishment when they needed it, and was not satisfied until the best possible results had been obtained ; and she frequently endeavoured to get anæmic mothers and children to the sea or country. The women loved her and through service to them she expressed her love for humanity.

She worked in the schools for about twelve years in all, not counting the two periods during which she was absent on war service. As time went on she was able to visit a far larger variety of schools and she became familiar with mentally defective and physically defective children; with children of all ages, from the tiniest infants to scholars in trade schools and continuation schools; with children of the poorest districts and pupils of the L.C.C. Secondary Schools. She would be sent to visit an open-air camp or would take a journey into the suburbs to follow up some child who was said to be unfit for school. Latterly she spent some hours every week at the County Hall, seeing entrants to the teaching profession, or teachers on sick leave, or scholars sent up for special examination. "Her work brought her into touch with parents and children of all social grades, with teachers, nurses and doctors, by all of whom she was greatly esteemed," says a writer in the B.M.J. The wider scope of work was much appreciated by her and she spoke of her usual good luck in getting what she wanted.

During these years she also interested herself in the questions of the day and took her share in the struggle for Woman's Suffrage.

Then came the War.

CHAPTER VII.
WAR SERVICE: ANTWERP AND
CHERBOURG.

AT the outbreak of War, Helen was living with her family at Cricklewood. She at once volunteered for service, and, having obtained leave of absence from the London County Council, she went with Mrs. St. Clair Stobart's Unit to Antwerp, arriving on September 22nd, after a stormy crossing. In "Under the Red Cross in Antwerp" she describes the efficiency of the Unit and their pride in their equipment, especially in the up-to-date X-ray apparatus. At the outset she expressed her hatred of war.

"As the wounded were brought in, men strong and hearty only a few hours before, one became dumb with fury at the gross stupidity of humanity, that could find no better work for its sons than thus to shoot and be shot at.

"A German aeroplane flew over the city to reconnoitre. It came near enough to the hospital to be plainly visible. The fact that it dropped a bomb or two added to the loud firing from our near forts, made the event stimulating. It is reported that one or two women fainted in the orthodox way, but of this I was never able to gain any confirmation. Everyone seemed delighted and interested, and it was indeed a

pretty sight, for these monoplanes are of very elegant design, and the little clouds of fleecy shrapnel surrounding it made a pleasing spectacle, though one of brief duration. A few days later the entertainment was repeated. This time the Taube flew right over the hospital—a delicate attention which we much appreciated. The shrapnel from our guns flew right over the hospital roof too, one piece of iron, indeed, falling into the ward. The moment it chose was a very auspicious one, as the British Minister and his wife were visiting us that day, and, as they said, it was not often that spectacles so thrilling were provided for them.”

Then came the bombardment.

“Never, I imagine, shall I be much prouder of Englishwomen than I was that night! There were many of the younger nurses and orderlies who had not for a moment anticipated any danger, yet their behaviour was magnificent. The huge hospital ward contained 130 patients at the moment the shelling began. Most of them were terrified at the bombardment. Poor things! They had been many of them wounded in battle, driven out by fire, perhaps, from one field hospital, shelled out of another a little nearer the base, having seen their companions killed beside them, and now, when after a third painful move they had reached what everyone thought was a place of safety, they had to be rapidly transferred to our inadequate and by no means secure cellars. Despite the fact that there was only one set of steep and difficult steps to the cellars for the ingress and egress of stretchers, and that they had to be reached by going out into the garden

where the smell of explosives was already unpleasantly strong—despite the fact, too, that thirty men were absolutely helpless, while some forty more could only get along when half carried,—within twenty-five minutes all these seventy patients were safely housed in the basement. Medical stores and other things had also been carried down. The remaining patients took an unceremonious discharge, walking and running and hobbling away, as they hoped, beyond the range of fire. It was an extraordinary night. Many men could not be accommodated with beds or chairs, and had half to stand, half recline in various attitudes and in semi-evening dress. The great cry that rose up all the evening was ‘Où sont mes pantalons’? Some men wanted them for immediate wear, some because they had a few francs, or all their worldly goods, hidden in their pockets. The usual number of the hospital staff remained on night duty; the rest retired to the convent, where the cellar accommodation was far better, though smaller. In fact, for the last day or two the fashionable greeting in Antwerp had been, ‘What sort of cellar do you keep?’ ’

Later, in a graphic piece of writing, she describes the preparations for departure:—

‘We reached the quay at 7 o’clock, and had to wait for a long time for our turn to get across the bridge of boats. Our cumbersome motor-buses could only just cross, weighted as they were with ammunition, with ourselves and with our baggage. We had, indeed, been sitting curled up amongst the first-named all the while; and a stray shell, had it struck us, would have removed us

towards the celestial region at a rate undeserved by even the most saintly! That the danger was not entirely remote can be seen from the fact that the majority of the bus windows had already been smashed."

At Bruges she was separated from the party while staying behind to attend to a wounded soldier, but the unit eventually reached England in safety. Miss Macnaughton in "My War Experiences in Two Continents" refers to the Bruges incident. She mentions Dr. Hanson as "the doctor I like best and one of the few whose nerves are not shattered."

Dr. Hanson reached home minus her luggage, and Miss May Sinclair in her "Journal of Impressions in Belgium" describes the efforts made to bring it to England.

"There was a yellow tin box and a suit case. Dr. Hanson's best clothes and her cases of surgical instruments were in the suit case, and all the things she didn't particularly care about in the tin box. Or else the best clothes and the surgical instruments were in the tin box, and the things she didn't particularly care about in the suit case. As we were certainly going to take both boxes, it didn't seem to matter much which way round it was."

At Dunkirk they secured the suitcase "but the Commandant was now possessed by a violent demon of hurry," and the box resisted all efforts to drag it from its lair. It therefore had to be left behind. The suit case was 'guarded' by

Miss Sinclair as 'a sacred thing,' but a tragedy was revealed when it was found that the best clothes and the surgical instruments were in the tin box after all!

"One's motives for undertaking anything are seldom at any time single or simple, several jostle together in one's mind," Dr. Hanson wrote of her Belgian experience, "Not the least dominant—in my own—in setting out to Antwerp, was the desire to see whether in the face of horrors admittedly unprecedented in history, Christianity would still seem to me to hold its own. Now I can but admit with regret that I was never out in the trenches under fire. Still, one was near enough, I believe, not in any way to minimize the horror, and certainly during the last twenty hours we were there, Antwerp itself was, as the journalists described it, simply an inferno; yet one can but maintain that the whole experience only served to emphasise and intensify those words of David when he said:—

'Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit,
Or whither shall I flee from Thy Presence.

'If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there'."

Early in November the Stobart Unit again went out, this time to Cherbourg, where the Chateau de Turlaville was rapidly turned into a hospital. Dr. Hanson went with the Unit, and she describes the condition of the wounded as being terrible, more ghastly than at Antwerp, and goes on to say:

"The incredible stupidity of the whole thing

strikes one more than ever. The work here is exceedingly heavy and unhealthy for the nursing staff; imperfect sanitation, coupled with septic wounds, creating by no means an ideal atmosphere. As usual, they are responding to all the calls upon them splendidly, but the strain is greater than usual, and it is at times like these that one realises what boundless devotion and indifference to personal health and comfort the profession of nursing develops. The only time the anti-feminist Mr. Kipling burst into unstinted praise of women is, I believe, in his poem on the nursing sisters in the South African War, and I do not wonder that even *he* was kindled to admiration.

“Such things form, perhaps, the redeeming features of the present deplorable situation, but the further one goes the less one is reconciled to the state of affairs, and the more one feels the truth of the reflection ‘This is a mad world, my masters’; and the more one hopes it will be a little less mad when the universe is under the sway of mistresses as well!”

One of the nurses of the unit in a diary of her own war experiences, writes of that time:

“The doctors seemed to be operating and doing large dressings day and night; they worked like magic. I remember so well how pleased we were when Dr. Hanson decided to go to France with us, and it was while operating on a man’s head, ‘trepanning,’ that she received a prick from the scalpel, which caused her to have a poisoned hand. I was Theatre Sister at the time; her work was wonderful, and though she changed her glove immediately, she carried on until the operation

was over. Two days later we had to ward her with a temperature of 104 degrees and rapid pulse, and I with another sister (at her own request) were told to take special duty with her. I was on day duty and Sister T. on night duty. For days she was very ill and both doctors and nurses feared tetanus. Her hand was incised twice, tubes inserted, and for about 10 days she lay with her hand and arm in a continuous bath of iodine. During her illness she was the sweetest of patients. When she recovered and left us for Mentone the hospital seemed empty.''

Helen was very rarely ill, but it is noteworthy than when laid aside she was an ideal patient, calm and placid, and never impatient; yet in health how energetic and active she was!

To recover from the effects of her poisoned hand she went to Nice and Mentone, where she had a brief but altogether lovely holiday—she refers to it several times in letters of the busier and more trying days in the East that were to follow.

CHAPTER VIII.
WAR SERVICE: SERBIA.

WHEN fully recovered she found it possible to go direct to Serbia without waiting for Mrs. Stobart's party, and she attached herself temporarily to the Scottish Women's Unit at Kragujevatz until Mrs. Stobart arrived. But even this time she had to do something "on the way," and with a younger companion she visited Greece en route.

She never could resist crowding into a journey all the sight-seeing that was possible. In her student days, in journeys nearer home, she often tried to visit "everything." In one journey from Northumberland to London, she could not lose the opportunity of seeing other places as well, so she started very early in the morning and broke the journey at Newcastle, Durham, York and Peterborough to visit the cathedrals. She arrived home quite late, feeling very tired, but satisfied that the day had not been wasted. She was charmed with the beauty of her surroundings in Greece and wrote from the hotel at Olympia:—

"February is the season when the Olympic games ought to be on. The hotel is closed now unless visitors come, but last night they killed a

chick on our arrival in true Indian fashion (though it was rather tough) and threw together a four course dinner in about twenty minutes. This is the most enchanting spot I have yet struck. I do wish you could be here—the colours are beyond words. . . . Mentone is really almost ugly, according to these standards.”

Her letters from Serbia after she had joined the “Scottish Women” reveal something of the difficulties under which the unit was working, but there is no complaint, rather an amused tolerance coupled with the idea that everything might have been so much worse. Mentone was still in her mind:—

“I am probably going on now to do some work in the town. I did a week’s ‘Night’ at the typhus place. Slept never more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours in the day, and survived quite well! . . . I am so glad I came on to get a little experience of this horrible typhus. The two delicious months at Mentone seem like a dream. Yes! Mentone was a perfect time. I have never had a holiday like that, and never expect to again, unless we retire to Majorca where, I hear, you can get a nine-roomed house for eleven francs a month. . . . I am still exceedingly fit, quite fat, and only yesterday Dr. C. said I was the only presentable person here, everyone else was so jaded. In some ways this place is evidently healthy; it must be, as otherwise, sharing a room with two people and a ‘lodger’ in the shape of a night nurse, would certainly have proved the limit long ago.

“These typhus patients go through very regular stages—the first ward has now become

thoroughly convalescent and hungry. To-day I went in to find about 30 men vociferously waving and broadly grinning, demanding to be put on bread and chicken! Some required a double portion of bread, some soup and wine in addition! Most healthy symptoms!

“The hospital Orderlies have not yet grasped the difference between Doctor and Sister. The other night I heard a more intelligent and English-speaking one carefully explaining to another that I was a woman doctor. I was just going out by the door, and the second Orderly immediately opened the door again after I had shut it, that he might look at me in this new light.”

She had a wonderful power of magnifying the good and the beautiful, almost ignoring the baser side of things, or accepting them as of slight importance. Beauty seemed a refreshment to her and her humour never failed.

“The fruit trees in bloom here are perfectly beautiful. We have in our rooms sprays of almond blossom mixed with sprays of some black berry, I don't know what, but the effect is exquisite. Wild flowers are also wonderful.

The language would not be so bad if the letters were the same. Grammar one does not attempt. One of the new sisters got a little mixed the other day. A man in the street said ‘Good morning’ to her, and she replied what she meant to be ‘Good day,’ but on feeling doubtful about it and making enquiries afterwards, she found she had said ‘Hot water.’

“Coming up from Salonica, one of the Scotch sisters, in spending a day at Nish, had been taken over a Serbian hospital. The Director showed

her all his arrangements, but displayed with especial pride and complacency a batch of coffins in the corner. Of these he had been at first short; hence his delight at the large quantities now in stock; but it was not a reassuring spectacle for a new arrival in the country."

Owing to typhus and typhoid infection, the Scottish and Stobart Units were unable to visit one another and "the only interchange of courtesies for some months seemed to be attending each others' funerals!"

The *story of the Stobart Unit and its sequel in the heroic retreat, has been told with some fulness elsewhere, but perhaps some details may be permitted here of the lighter side as seen through Dr. Hanson's eyes. She describes how patients would secrete food under their pillows—one man even rising to the heights of hiding a whole sucking pig—after a feast-day visit from friends. Another man mysteriously produced a fresh egg each day. The mystery was solved when it was found that he had enticed a hen from the garden into his bed.

The greatest enemy with which they had to contend was typhus. Her amusing description of the appearance of the Staff at the Hospital must be given. They relied chiefly on costume for protection, and had intended wearing specially made garments fastened close round the neck, but as the material did not arrive they had to improvise costumes from the trousers of pyjamas

* "The Flaming Sword in Serbia and Elsewhere." By Mrs. St. Clair Stobart.

and any and every kind of overall that was available. They wore high riding boots tied round the legs with muslin soaked in camphor or naphthalene. The necks and sleeves of the overalls were tied with the same kind of bandage, and their heads enveloped in muslin similarly scented. She concludes her description thus:

“I may say that altogether it has never fallen to my lot in any time or place to see such an appalling collection of human beings. Years hence, legends will probably arise in Serbia, of monsters, hideous in shape and form, who appeared at the time of the Great War, who scourged the already decimated Serbians with a virulent plague of typhus, and who still further tormented their victims with strange drugs, obnoxious food, copious ablutions and blasts of fresh air.”

She tells of the air raids and the magnificent courage of patients and staff, and gives an idea of the Serbian mud in describing a motor journey when four oxen were needed to drag the car out of the mud in which it had stuck. She relates another similar experience when six oxen had to be requisitioned and, even with the motor engine working, it was a full hour before the car was released and could proceed on its journey. When there was no mud there was dust, and the road ahead was quite invisible. At intervals out of the curling clouds would be seen the head of a cow or a horse. Here again her love for beauty reasserts itself, for she continues

“These were, however, minor matters. The

flowers in the woods in the spring were exquisite. In the summer we trod underfoot in the camp a variety of most dainty blossoms, while of all the summer wild flowers, perhaps the masses of yellow iris that grew in the fields were the most striking. The Serbians did not, however, leave us only wild flowers to admire; they erected in front of each dwelling-tent a little plot of raised ground wherein roses and other things grew," but, she hastens to add, "these looked uncommonly like graves ready for the owners to tumble into should need arise."

The L.C.C. recalled her before the Serbian retreat. The military authorities always gave a farewell dinner* when a member of the Unit was going home. On this occasion the Colonel rose and made a farewell speech in Serbian in praise of Dr. Hanson and the Hospital. Applause followed, then came dead silence. The Director of the hospital signalled to Dr. Hanson to reply, but she naïvely pretended she hadn't understood a word of the speech. She refused to understand what was said in praise of her work. Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, at the time of her death, wrote of her as being "uniquely brave, resourceful, energetic, enthusiastic and sympathetic—a great soul."

She returned home to her duties with the L.C.C., travelling—even as in childhood—the longest way round because it was so much the more interesting. The journey was made—the greatest part of it alone—in the August and September of

* "The Flaming Sword of Serbia and Elsewhere." By Mrs. St. Clair Stobart.

1915 via Bulgaria—just on the eve of entering the war in support of the Central Powers—Roumania, Russia, Finland, Sweden and Norway

“I did the journey home through Russia,” she wrote after her return, “in three weeks, found everything most comfortable, rather complicated and unbusinesslike it is true, but everyone was very helpful, and at the critical moment someone always turned up speaking French, English or German. It cost almost exactly £25. I came by Sofia, Bucharest, Kiefe, Moscow (one night), Petrograd (five nights seeing to passports, etc.), Finland (right round the Gulf of Bothnia), Stockholm, Christiania, Bergen and Newcastle.

CHAPTER IX.

WAR SERVICE: MALTA: SALONICA: CONSTANTINOPLE.

FOR months after her return she tried to get out again under the R.A.M.C. She had almost given up hope when the authorities decided to make Malta a hospital base, and sent out eighty-six medical women, of whom she was one. There were then some 14 or 15 medical hospitals and convalescent camps on the Island, containing sick and wounded from Salonica and the Near East Fronts. Here her experience of tropical diseases in India stood her in good stead. She enjoyed brief visits to friends who rented a house on the City Wall at Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital of Malta—many convalescent officers and Consultants from Harley Street will remember her brilliant conversational powers and sparkling repartee—and one holiday in the neighbouring island of Gozo, where she made light of all discomforts and enjoyed every moment with the zest of a school-girl.

The submarine menace made it impossible to carry out the plan of using Malta as a base for the wounded, and, after chafing at her too luxurious surroundings, she was transferred with others to Salonica. While at Malta she tried for posts at Vladivostock and as Medical Officer on the trans-

ports between India and Mesopotamia. It was, however, as well that she did not secure the second of these, as she was by no means a good sailor.

“I write with joy”—this, after leaving Malta—“I felt so ashamed of my idle civilised life in that little island, when I thought of Air Raids, etc., at home. I can’t be too pleased that at last I have moved on. At present we are on a hospital ship in the harbour waiting the erection of our tent hospital. This is very luxurious, but I fancy shore will be a little rougher. Moreover, we are supplied with dug-outs, which is all very fine and active-service-like.”

Shortly after, another note received from her ran—

“From my new quarters—a place I much prefer to Malta, as it really approaches Active Service. A jolly situation—wide expanse of common land—hills behind—and sunrises, sunsets and a moon to dream about. The heat has been very great; we achieved 106 degrees one day, but there has always been a breeze, so that, although we are in tents, it is quite bearable. Now it is getting cool.”

A colleague with whom she served in Salonica, refers to the “scrounged” rides they enjoyed together, and the visits to the ancient quarters of the town with a young American archaeologist.

“Dr. Hanson was completely unselfish and without fear,” she writes. “How she found herself in a Greek trench during a battle, only she knew. She was so full of the enjoyment of life when I first saw her, in a bell tent, in the midst of the evil smells and sordid surroundings of a refugee camp. But all she saw, or would mention, were the perfections of the Serbian batman, the patience of the women, and the wonderful sunrises; and that she had an invitation to a Serbian concert, and could not I come too? Once we went for a glorious flower hunt together, she in her long skirts and her red hat and flowing red veil. A young French Officer joined us and we were made free of the French Artillery camp. Of course, that meant that the pleasure must be passed on to her companions, and so a wonderful picnic was arranged. The French were our hosts, and we climbed Mount Kotos, and sat down to a five-course luncheon, ending with wonderful ices, in the Midsummer of 1918.”

Although at this time attached to the British Army, Helen Hanson still retained her lively interest in and affection for the people of Serbia.

“I made her acquaintance,” writes one doctor, in a large convalescent hospital for Serbian soldiers situated on the outskirts of Salonica. There friends of Serbia used to meet on Sunday afternoons and the Colonel-in-Command welcomed us and invited us to assist him in his ‘cure of souls’ by cheering his men. . . . She was always busy and full of solicitude for the unfortunate.”

In August she appeared unexpectedly in

Cheshire, where her people were staying. There was a chance of short leave and she had come overland to the Albanian coast, with a digression to Monastir for one night, in the vain hope of experiencing a bombardment. The military authorities were sending nurses by motor transport to Corfu, for periods of rest, and she applied for leave to come home that way. When she was 'phoning for permission, a third party at the other end of the wire was heard to remark "Is that Dr. Hanson? You may as well say 'Yes.' She always gets what she wants."

A Roman Catholic padre at the time of her death wrote of her work here in these graphic words:—

"I fear I could say little to the purpose about 'Dear Old Hanson,' as we used to call her. She worked like a drayhorse and talked like a mowing machine, wrote interminable letters (which I had to 'censor'), fought X. who 'commanded' the hospital, and worried the War Office for permission to wear uniform. Incidentally everybody (including the C.O.) loved her, chaffed her and admired her with whole-hearted devotion, whilst her patients said 'she was *It* and no mistake.' "

After her return to Salonica she was transferred to Constantinople, where she worked until the April of 1920. After her death Professor Louise McIlroy wrote of this period of her life:—

"I have seldom met anyone who was so dauntless in her courage and knew so little fear.

She would scoff at any precautions taken for her safety. Expeditions seemed to her of greater interest if they contained a large element of danger. She loved exploring the country round Constantinople, although it was in a dangerously unsettled state at the time. She imbued so much confidence in us all that we could have followed her anywhere. In the dust and heat of the camps in Macedonia, she entered as a fresh breeze, and we loved to hear her hail us from a distance. She had always some fresh idea or a new outlook upon life. Her indomitable hope in the future would have carried an army with her."

A last escapade, just before Helen's return home, is described by the same writer.* A party of fourteen, including four junior officers, decided on a farewell expedition, and it was arranged to go to Beicos by a boat, which was then to proceed to a small village about five miles beyond the Reval lighthouse at the outlet to the Black Sea. The party were to walk along the coast road, a distance which appeared on the map to be about eight miles. The tale is too long to tell, sufficient to relate that the road proved rough and trying.

"It resembled a ploughed field in its surface and the rain had but enhanced the adhesive nature of its substance. The walk therefore was not of the fastest and the idea of the distance being limited to below ten miles fast faded from our minds as the afternoon wore on."

*From "A Balcony on the Bosphorous," by A. Louise McIlroy.

The party became separated, plans miscarried, and the evening drew in. At last they were all safely aboard, heading for home, hours after the scheduled time.

“We got warmed again at the engine fire, and when we reached the calmer waters of the Bosphorus we were thankful for even such an ending of the day. Looking over the stern of the boat, it seemed that two little lights had been following us for some time and were gradually getting nearer. This soon became a matter of certainty. Presently two shots whistled over our funnel, and we closed down with the vague thought in our minds that we were being chased by pirates from the high seas, or that perhaps there might be some ceremonies to be complied with before entering the Bosphorus so close before midnight. A gunboat drew up alongside, a voice shouted to us to stop, a hawser was thrown, and two very young and irate British naval lieutenants stepped on board. They demanded who we were, what we were, and what we thought we were doing at that time of night entering the Bosphorus without permission. I leave out the expletives. They seemed somewhat mystified to see Englishwomen on board, and they demanded who was the O.C. of the party. Dr. H. stood forth and put forward a claim to that lofty position in a clear voice, looking slightly mud-bespattered, but with the heart of a lion. Words failed the lieutenant to explain the situation, nor could he voice his mind so freely as if he had found a man in charge. He did not seem to be quite clear as to the immediate procedure to be adopted as to our arrest. He read us a lecture on the waste of ammunition entailed by

our failure to attend to his signals to stop, a lecture which, couched in more lengthy and choice phrases, would have done credit to any politician of His Majesty's government at home when speaking on the merits of economy. We explained the causes of delay, that we were of more use to the community if we were allowed to continue our way and get home, and that we still had to face the authorities there on arrival. We also took upon ourselves the assurance that personal interviews with the admiral in command would be forthcoming should any complications arise as to the present naval representatives allowing the claims of humanity to outweigh those of duty. We were eventually permitted to proceed on our way, still again with thankful hearts at a great deliverance from an unexpected danger. We also swelled with pride at the example provided of our watch-dogs keeping their lonely vigil! We had probably been the only boat that had to be stopped since the beginning of the Armistice, so that we had contributed something to the dull monotony of the official life on the deep.

"I sat on deck and thought of what was in front of us. It loomed large and tended to blot out the memory of the day behind. Dr. H. came over and with a beaming face said she 'wouldn't have missed that last bit for worlds.' It certainly was a unique experience.

"Next day official forms for explanation were in evidence, and reports had to be submitted at some length, but the whole affair blew over very quickly."

Shortly after this, Dr. Hanson, with two V.A.D's., started for England. They came

through the Dardanelles and the Ægean Sea, calling at Cyprus, Port Said and Kantara. At Kantara Dr. Hanson tried to eat fly poison in mistake for ice cream, which resulted in a hurried exit outside the tent and a cry of "Give me some tea, it's bread and milk, soaked in formalin." She rinsed her mouth with tea and seemed none the worse. Then followed a most interesting journey through Judea and Samaria to Haifa. They were told that it was unsafe to go to Damascus; if they went they did so at their own risk. They were also advised to go in mufti, as no British Military were allowed there. They started, and changed into mufti after the Sea of Galilee had been passed, taking fresh tickets, and distributing their money about their persons in case of difficulty. Arrived at Damascus, they explored the City, paid a hurried visit to Baalbek and found they could not return direct to Haifa, as the Arabs had been raiding again and had blown up a bridge en route. They returned via Beyrout and Lebanon, and by cargo boat to Haifa, visited Mount Carmel, and then journeyed on to Jaffa, saw something of Jaffa and took an open truck train to Ludd, and then a train to Jerusalem, where they enjoyed a "thrilling approach" with the sun just setting as they entered the Jaffa Gate. They visited Bethlehem and the Church of the Nativity, and other spots sacred to the Christian, and saw the place where General Allenby read the Proclamation when the English entered the city in 1917. They journeyed on to Cairo and took train to the

Pyramids, arriving just after sunset. After supper in the desert they saw the moon rise, and then went on by train to Alexandria, where they embarked. The heat on the crowded boat was awful and there was no ventilation in their cabin until Dr. Hanson smashed the glass of one of the fixed portholes. They landed at Malta and went to see the hospital that had been the scene of her former labours (it was now a police barracks), saw the Cathedral at Citta Vecchia, visited the crusader-church of St. John, re-embarked, and returned home via Gibraltar to Liverpool, with their war service a thing of the past.

Back again in England, Helen threw herself once more into the routine of school inspection.

Her interest in the Housing Problem, and in the social conditions under which the scholars lived, her co-operation in securing openings for boys and girls leaving school, all fitted in with her work along other lines for the better world she was so sure was coming. She was full of enthusiasm for the work of the schools; children, teachers, nurses, all came in for a share of her admiration. She would tell, on her return home, of some infants' school she had just visited; the children were so charming and so well-behaved; the rooms were so bright and cheerful, decorated, perhaps, by a teacher with a talent for brush and chalk illustrations; or she would bring home a 'guide book' which some master of a school had written and illustrated in coloured hectograph inks, in preparation for a school journey to the country or seaside; or she

would show a batch of letters, beautifully written by young children, which she had borrowed to refute some criticism as to the inefficiency of elementary education. Or she would return from a Juvenile Advisory Committee delighted with the intelligent efforts being made to find suitable work for children leaving school; or pour out her admiration for the wonderful effect of a teacher's influence on girls at a continuation school. For the mothers, too, her admiration was boundless; their devotion to their children; their brave struggle against overwhelming odds; their skill and resourcefulness seemed to her beyond all praise. She was much impressed by the marked improvement in health, cleanliness and clothing of the children during and after the war, and she accounted for it in part by the better incomes that had for a time been realised.

Her medical work with the L.C.C. never degenerated into mere routine. In the schools, as elsewhere, she was welcomed as a real friend of all. From letters received after her death one can visualise her at her work and see the many acts of kindness that were a part of her daily life. One letter speaks of her solicitude for the nurses with whom she worked. "Only a couple of days ago," says the writer, "I heard that she had been trying to get, and had succeeded in getting, an extra pension for one of the nurses." Another refers to "her quick and sympathetic understanding of the mothers in the difficulties which perplexed and worried them." Another writer says "I realised the splendid work she was doing

for the children, not only by the strictly professional part of her work, but by her sympathy and understanding of the parents." "She never spared herself in her efforts to secure amelioration of suffering of any kind," says another; and "Her care of the children was maternal; the tiniest baby was quickly at its ease with her."

She was evidently on the friendliest terms with the animals also. At one place there was a young dog who used to watch for her weekly visits. When her work was done he would insist on seeing her home, but he would never go beyond the door. After the accident he seemed fretful and unhappy because she did not come, though he still watched faithfully for her, and as he grew irritable with the children he had to be sent away.

She never lost the personal touch. "Every meeting with her was a joy and a refreshment," wrote one of the L.C.C. doctors, and the official notice of her death spoke of the "Beloved Colleague" they had lost.

CHAPTER X.

CAUSES: THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN CHURCH AND STATE.

THE problems of race, class and sex, especially the question of the position of women in Church and in State, claimed her thoughts and prayers. She was an enthusiastic life-member of the League of Nations Union and was intensely interested in 'Copec' and the work of the Industrial Christian Fellowship. As a doctor, the moral and social issues involved in the enfranchisement of women appealed to her very strongly, and she was a keen supporter of the Association for Moral and Social Hygiene, and had a great admiration for the work of that Society. She longed for the reunion of Christendom, and watched with the greatest interest the preparation work of the World Conference on Faith and Order and the Universal Christian Conference on the Life and Work of the Church, held in 1925 at Stockholm. The Lambeth Conference of 1920 was to her a valued milestone, and she hoped great things from the Conference of 1930.

Helen Hanson was an untiring and unquenchable advocate of Causes, and the keenness with which she took on propaganda work led her fellow workers to suppose that she felt no difficulty in asking people's support for this and for that,

when, as a matter of fact, she frequently found it far from pleasant to plead a cause where she did not expect to receive a sympathetic hearing, although she did not shirk using her opportunities on that account. She wrote to one friend:—
“I hate begging, especially as I am deeply in debt for kindnesses to me personally, to nearly everyone I know.”

Early in her career she joined the University of London Suffrage Society, and became one of the earliest and keenest members of the Women's Freedom League, working with the W.S.P.U. in the militant stage of the Suffrage struggle. She travelled “steerage” part of the way home from India in order to give the money saved on the journey to “The Cause.” She and her sister received nothing but sympathy from their parents as to the principles underlying the demand for the Suffrage, although there was a perfectly friendly cleavage of opinion concerning the methods that should be employed in working for it. In spite of the keenness of her membership of the political Suffrage Societies, she was not exclusively politically-minded in this matter. It was as a political lever to be used in the cause of righteousness that the gaining of the vote seemed to her of such paramount importance. For this reason she welcomed with enthusiasm the formation of the religious Leagues, and attended the inaugural meeting of the Church League for Women's Suffrage, held at Essex Hall on December 2nd, 1909, joining the Society almost at once. On her membership form, dated December 26th, 1909, she states that she is

particularly interested in the Rights of Women in relation to the professions and trades closed to them, and with regard to sweated labour. Writing to the Founder of the C.L.W.S. she said:—

“Is there any report of the Inaugural Meeting? I should be very glad if there is—as anything more convincing and many-sided than the arguments that night I do not know. I was only sorry everyone I knew was not there—so if there is any literature, please let me know.” A typical postscript is added:—“Please send me more joining forms.”

“She was a great sharer of all things good,” said one of her friends, and here is a case in point. She felt that in the C.L.W.S. she had found a society that expressed her ideals for the Suffrage, and she wanted all her friends to know about it. She at once set about inviting people to join. “I find the joining papers very useful to show to church people, who sometimes appear to think Suffrage is irreligious and all suffragettes atheists.” She thought the new badge—the cross within the circle—“very festive,” and looked forward to the News Sheet it was hoped to start, although she agreed that “some of the best copy would be unwise to print.” She spoke for the League at many meetings, but she always thought that someone else should be asked in preference to herself. Invited to go on a deputation, she replied “about the Bishop, of course, I should be very pleased, but I am sure you could get others better.” In sending her

regrets that she was unable to address a certain meeting she wrote:—

“It would be all the more delightful with Father —— (a well-known socialist) too. Several of my friends would be rather scandalized; an additional pleasure! Yours very regretfully, and with many thanks for the honour of being asked. I wish you a much better speaker and congratulate you on escaping me.”

Dr. Stevens writes of the effect she had on his “Old Boys’ Association,” when she addressed them on the Suffrage Question.

“I don’t remember much of what she said, but I shall never forget the effect of it. My young men were rather disposed to be condescending, but her vivid personality, and her stream of argument and appeal, delivered, as usual, at top speed, and with a charm of mingled good humour and deep feeling, fairly carried them away. It was but one episode in a very full and happy life, but it left an abiding impression.”

She was always optimistic about the vote, and carried on propaganda with light-hearted enthusiasm that must not be confused with irresponsibility; it had a much more stable foundation. In 1911, when she was told that a well-known anti-suffrage authority had said that the vote would not come in his life-time, she retorted “I feel sorry at that rate that so much brightness and beauty is to be buried so soon.” She wrote with much amusement and some caustic wit about a meeting of the British Medical

Association she attended, where everything seemed to her to be put entirely from the masculine standpoint.

“If that’s the way a parliament of men gives considerate attention to the woman’s point of view, it’s time we had seats there as well as votes. Four of us (women doctors) spoke afterwards, and I hope gave a few of them shocks. One man said women only took to games to imitate men! Only my natural politeness prevented my saying, if he was a representative of men, I would rather imitate the Devil straight out! Funny world!”

When the C.L.W.S. adopted its policy of neutrality, neither supporting nor condemning militancy, she wrote on one occasion, saying that as she was due to speak at Steinway Hall she could not attend the C.L.W.S. meeting arranged for the same evening.

“I fear the Church League is going to the dogs! Here are three of its Executive Committee within eleven days speaking for these abandoned women at their weekly meetings!”

A militant herself, she was always grateful that the C.L.W.S. maintained its neutrality, and she had a sympathetic understanding of the point of view of those who thought militant methods wrong, as indeed did her own parents. She wrote voluminously on the subject of the Vote, her experience in India proving useful in “Women’s Suffrage in relation to Foreign Missions” and “The Case for Women’s Suffrage.”

Brief she could not be, there was so much that needed saying.

“Herewith the pamphlet—plus enlargements and corrections. I fear I have added rather a lot, but I have really shown great restraint in not putting more,” she wrote when returning the proofs of one publication.

On November 28th, 1911, she took part in a deputation to the House of Commons, was arrested and taken to Bow Street, where she registered as Helen Rice. She served her short term of imprisonment—five days in the Second Division—and returned home on December 2nd. Her W.S.P.U. Prison Badge was amongst her most cherished possessions, and she wore it in the Suffrage Procession on July 3rd, 1926.

She took part in the Census protest of 1911, arranged by the Suffrage Societies, and spent the night in the house of a relative, her presence being unknown except to one member of the family who had contrived the visit.

She was always supremely conscious of the importance and dignity of her profession; thus, when she was asked whether the C.L.W.S. might publish a photograph of herself as a frontispiece to her pamphlet, “With the Red Cross in Serbia,” her characteristic reply was,

“I don’t mind how the cover is done except as regards the photo . . . you know to do any good to the C.L.W.S. I would willingly do a new Lady Godiva stunt through London, but any advertisement is so out of place in the medical profession, and it’s no use getting a bad name there.”

During her War Service she watched the C.L.W.S. from afar with the greatest interest and solicitude, and at every Council Meeting or crisis in the League while she was absent would come a cable message "Godspeed," "Good wishes," "Thoughts and Prayers," from Serbia, from Malta, from Constantinople, showing that she did not forget those colleagues at home with whom she had worked in the past, and her "Laus Deo" received on February 11th, 1918, on the partial granting of Women's Suffrage, was the expression of a very real thankfulness shared by all. She was very disappointed that the authorities of St. Paul's Cathedral did not see fit to allow the C.L.W.S. to arrange a service of thanksgiving in the Mother Church of the diocese, and she wrote a characteristic letter of regret and protest that she would have liked sent to the Dean. It ran to over three pages of close type, and hurried from thought to thought, giving food for much reflection. The Thanksgiving Service was held in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, but, unfortunately, she was still abroad and could only be with her colleagues in spirit.

When women had found their way into Parliament, she wrote, "It is really too great sport about women M.P's. Really thrown at us before we had time to ask for them," and she adds, somewhat wistfully, "I wish the Church would become a little more reckless too."

On her return to England, when the C.L.W.S. had enlarged its horizons to include work for the Ordination of Women in the Church, and altered its name to "The League of the

Church Militant," she became Hon. Secretary and poured much of her love and service into the society. She was always an advocate for the wider programme to include work for social righteousness.

"A restricted programme is all right for a lay society—but for us, we consider the Church's honour at stake. . . . I have an uncomfortable feeling if I do so little to benefit the world and am such an inferior character generally, why should I expect others to do better? Still, I am sure they will. I would rather fail at a big thing than succeed at a small."

While she was abroad she read the Monthly Paper for news of the Society.

"The magazine still keeps me in touch with things," she wrote, "only it has one most reprehensible habit, and that is, instead of giving accounts of meetings, it says—this meeting was well reported in such and such papers—and when you haven't these papers and are abroad it is maddening."

In 1922 she took over the duties of the Treasurership of the Society at a time when it was suffering from great financial strain, and her generosity in gifts and service helped it through years of difficulty. She always believed in the League and felt that it must be kept alive by the keen few, even at great personal sacrifice, until the many realised their obligations and the urgency of the task, and came forward to finance work that to her seemed to be based on funda-

mentals, although not at present likely to make a popular appeal. She never realised how much the League owed to her. It was always of others she would speak. "How splendidly A. speaks or writes," or "How much B. does for the League"—never of her own contribution to the success of a venture. A colleague of hers received a typical postcard after a particularly difficult committee meeting.

"Pardon the bluntness of this expression and its lateness in arriving, but you are a perfectly ripping chairman."

On another occasion,

"Congratulations! What with X. decorating the *Times* one day and you a day or two later, there is no doubt we have a distinguished membership of our League. And to think that with such results we are still so short of cash!"

On another occasion she wrote to a member who was ill,

"I am so exceedingly sorry to hear that you have a sharp attack of rheumatism. Is this your noble work for the L.C.M. or the damp air of Westminster? I hope you are not having a great deal of pain, and that you will soon be all right again. . . . This is really, I take it, a compliment from the devil; you were being too useful in promoting a good cause."

She once made a slip that caused certain difficulties to one of her friends in the League. Her realisation of her mistake called forth a generous letter.

“My dear girl, you are indeed entitled to call me any names you can think of—in fact, you might even consult an expert in strong language to find something worse than you could conjure up and not exceed your rights.

“It’s an awful thing to have done, and I grovel in apologies. . . . It is explained solely by the fact that I really have been daft with not sleeping, for I am by nature quite accurate as regards statements, and quite trustworthy as to things told me in confidence. I trust we may still be on speaking terms.”

Far from being any cause of estrangement, this little episode proved an additional bond between the two.

Always giving—herself, her time, her money, her affection—to the cause, and her love and friendship to those with whom she worked, she made the task of co-operation easy, while her dauntless optimism carried the society through troublous days.

“We had dreary moments in the office in the old fighting days,” wrote the Founder of the C.L.W.S., but the sordidness of things was at once forgotten when Dr. Hanson came in. In the midst of most difficult situations in which the Society was involved, she would give her undivided attention to our own petty personal troubles. What a woman of heart she was.”

A former Chairman of the Society wrote, at the time of her death:—

“She was for all of us the greatest stand-by in the darkest days when prejudice in high places

seemed immovable, and differences in policy were devastating the ranks of our friends. Her humour, her sense of proportion and, above all, her inexhaustible hopefulness in the triumph of the right, were always there to strengthen the more faint-hearted. Principles meant so much to her that no personal sacrifice seemed too great to attain their success."

She was very interested in a remark made in the Spring of 1926, only a short time before her death. In the course of an address at an L.C.M. Quiet Afternoon, the speaker said that, believing firmly in the primary aim of the League, she always made an Act of Faith in every church in which she worshipped—at a public service or in private prayer—that one day a woman priest would stand and minister at that particular altar. Being struck with the idea, Helen Hanson said she should do the same. She frequently referred, in a semi-humorous fashion, to this bond of thought between this fellow member and herself, and when she wanted her friend to do something special for the League, she would say, "I've made an act of faith that you will do so-and-so for the L.C.M.'" Certainly her faith was strong enough to move most mountains, and it must, in God's good time, bear fruit in the larger sphere of the Church and the world.

" 'And is faith strong
Enough?' 'Stronger than tyranny is faith'. . . .
'How few of us would dare!' 'A force immense
Will drive you.' 'Tell me, may the goal be reached?'
'Never by one who doubts'."

CHAPTER XI.

A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE.

BROUGHT up in a home that reflected the true piety and staunch faith of Protestant belief, Helen and her sister were baptised in 1889, at a Baptist church in Willesden, the pastor of which was known to their family—journeying up from Bognor for this purpose. Her sister writes:—

“Our upbringing was on fairly strict religious lines, with sympathetic, kind-hearted control and plenty of freedom within limits. As we grew up we were left wonderfully free to choose our own path and follow what we thought was right.”

Although Nonconformists, their parents were in sympathy with all branches of Evangelical thought, and the children were almost as much at home at some Church of England services as at those of the Free Churches, while their principal friends at Bognor and elsewhere were members of the Anglican communion.

There is nothing by which we can measure the development of Helen's personal faith in the following years until her acceptance by the Zenana Bible and Medical Missionary Society. Among her papers were found two sheets of foolscap without apparent beginning or ending, the only clue to the probable date being an incomplete note about having preferred the

Z. B. M. M. S. to any other. As these notes are self-revelatory they are produced here without comment. It is probable that they are the result of an attempt to think out her theological position before her service abroad.

“First. Knowing about the foundation of the Kingdom of God and the Founder, one cannot, if one regards Him as Lord, do less than wish, if possible, in some way to further the enterprise for which He evidently cares so much.

“Second, I know of nothing which makes so much for the righteousness, progress and happiness of the race as Christianity.

“Therefore, for these two reasons, the only thing to be considered is how best to propagate that religion. I think I can be of more use abroad in that way than at home. Therefore I cannot imagine anything else but going.

“*The Atonement*, which may be taken with *Justification*. On this subject I agree with Dr. Saphir that there is no adequate theory of the Atonement, and with Sir Robert Anderson that the views advanced are frequently irreverent be-littlements of a great subject. No impartial reading of the New Testament and of the history of the Church can, I think, avoid finding in both an essential connection between the life and death (and more especially the death) of Christ and the forgiveness of sins. As the fifteenth article of the Church of England says, ‘He came by the sacrifice of Himself once made to take away the sins of the world.’ From the point of view of man this would appear simple enough; the story of the crucifixion of our Lord is enough to win the confidence and allegiance of the most prodigal—and to be a most potent incentive to repentance and righteousness. From the point of view of God, why Christ dying for us—the Just for the

unjust—why His being ‘wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities’—should be a necessary factor in showing the righteousness of God because of the passing over of sins (R. V.), and why this should prove Him to be just, when on our confession of sins He forgives us our sins—whereas without it He would not be so disposed, is by no means clear.

“*Sanctification*, I believe to signify improvement in the character of Christians—consequent on the increasing influence of the Spirit of God in their lives.

“*Conversion*, to me, signifies the initial step in the Christian career, the time at which any one believes and turns to the Lord; the point at which the Spirit of God so comes in contact with the spirit of man that henceforward he knows the only true God and Jesus Christ Whom he has sent—Whom to know is eternal life.

“The term *Christian* being first employed in Antioch, I have no other definition than the historical one, i.e. disciples, which term is evidently applied to those that believed and ‘turned unto the Lord.’ In those days when disciples were first called Christians the crux of the whole question was, as far as I can gather, whether Christ was the Son of God and His mission Divine, and to be credited, or not. As St. John says, ‘Whosoever shall confess that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God.’ I do not think the term Christian is historically applicable to anyone, however excellent his character, and whatever his devotion to Christ as a perfect man, unless he also believes in His Godhead. Likewise, in general terms to apply the name to anyone who expresses assent to that doctrine, but whose conduct gives no evidence of his having ‘turned to the Lord’ is equally unhistorical. But as regards the

later point, in any individual case one could only remember our Lord's words 'Judge not that ye be not judged.'

“*The Deity of Christ.* I believe Christ to be very God and very Man. St. Paul says 'No man can say that Jesus is Lord except by the Holy Spirit.' I believe that He is very God of very God and that in Him is no darkness at all—that all things have been put in subjection under his feet and that in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. I believe that His word is law, and that nothing but righteousness and happiness follows from obedience to it; from disobedience, nothing but evil and misery. I believe Him to be more worthy of honour, glory and worship than any created thing. Secondly as regards evidence of belief, there I am sorry that I have practically nothing to offer. But St. John says 'Thereby we know that we have passed from death into life because we love the brethren.' If the term 'Brethren' may have the same significance as 'neighbour' in our Lord's parable of the Good Samaritan then I must say that from having no affection for humanity I have come year by year to have a great deal.

“I have no definite amusements; the lines of life have fallen to me in such pleasant places that I have not found any so-called recreation yield so much entertainment. I like almost everything, except music, but I spend most leisure time in seeing friends, whereby I derive all the pleasure and some of the profit I should get—did funds permit—from foreign travel. The undermentioned subjects appeal to me in practically the following order:—

“Theology (including comparative religions and philosophy); humanity (especially everything relating to the welfare and progress of women); mathematics; astronomy; science; liter-

ature; handicrafts (including painting); history; games (skating, chess, etc.)

“*Books*—I like to look at everything, but to read a book only if it seems worth while and I have time. I used to like fiction very much—but for so many years real life has been so much more interesting, that unless exceptionally clever in some way I find a prolonged reading of a novel dull. Good books of travel and biographies I like. I have not many favourites. I seldom read a book twice; there are so many others to look at. For sheer brilliancy of writing I have never read anything to surpass Kinglake’s ‘Eothen.’ Every word in some of Kipling’s poems is like an apple of gold in a picture of silver. Miss Kingsley’s account of her travels in Africa are most racy, and Kenneth Grahame’s books on childhood I think most charming. Of magazines, if reduced to one, I should take ‘The Nineteenth Century and After,’ but ‘Punch’ I like to see.

Religious Books. Again I have few favourites. I am generally struck by parts—paragraphs or sentences in a book, rather than by the whole. The names of works in which one finds isolated things worth remembering is of course legion. But I have not come across any very striking writer lately. As a rule, I think, one feels time spent most profitably when one has read the Bible first-hand, and I very much like Weymouth. One thing one can’t of course get there, and that is the history of modern missions, which I must say I find engrossing.”

She evidently was feeling her way to a fuller and freer faith and her cousin tells of a conversation on the eve of leaving for India when she said that she felt her creed to be inadequate to her need, that she wanted to learn, to read more theology, and she asked to be recommended a book that

would shew her a wider religious view of life. Her cousin suggested '*Lux Mundi*' as the expression of men in touch with the then modern thought who were welcoming the scientific method of advance. After her return from India she visited this cousin, and revealed her change of outlook.

“Well, I read '*Lux Mundi*' several times. It was a good choice of yours. Now I want to join the English Church, and I have come along to ask whether your husband* would prepare and present me for Confirmation”

Her cousin's story goes on :

“During the next few weeks we met often. She came generally to our house for her preparation, though I believe once or twice she went to the †City Church of which my husband was Rector. I know he enjoyed his work with her. He appreciated her bright, quick intelligence, her thoughtful questioning. Trained in a classical school he was always attracted to the scientific outlook. Though himself in sympathy with Woman's Suffrage, he did not work for the Cause beyond speaking at a few local meetings. I remember on one occasion when Helen came in from the Study to tea with me, she told me how the subject of Woman's Suffrage was always cropping up. “I'm afraid I've been a bother over it, but now we have come to an arrangement. The subject is not to be mentioned until Mr. Bayne has finished the lesson with me, and then we can always have ten minutes discussion” —an amiable arrangement which succeeded admirably. Helen was confirmed by the Bishop of London at

* The Rev. Ronald Bayne.

† St. Edmund's, Lombard Street.

an "Adult" Confirmation in St. Paul's Cathedral, being presented by my husband. I was there and I think it was a happy time for her.

"The religious question in its broadest sense, the claim of religion on life, was, I believe, her supreme interest. She saw by way of her scientific training the value of truth, the evil of second-best, of any subterfuge. Very nobly she carried out in her own life the great prerogative of a Christian woman, the right to be of service to all."

In later years, she developed a catholicity that could worship with all schools of thought in the church, and find good in many varying types of service, simple and ornate. How well she knew her Bible those of us who worked with her discovered on many occasions, when her knowledge enlightened our ignorance. When death came she was preparing notes for a paper which was 'to vindicate' St. Paul as a champion of the Woman's Movement.

I was told the other day of the effect she had in India at certain Missionary Conferences to which she came 'like a breath of fresh and invigorating air' to use the words of a fellow missionary. The papers she read were hurriedly written on odd scraps of paper in moments snatched from other work. The titles are illuminating. The two mentioned to me were "Wives for Women" and "Piety produced by Repose." From her experience she saw that women were handicapped in Missionary work because they had duties that interfered with their main work, and in the first of these papers she argued that provision should be made for some one to take over

these duties and look after the well-being of women missionaries in the same manner as the wives of men missionaries looked after their husbands. In the trying conditions of life in India she found that some missionaries rose very early in the morning for their religious exercises, depriving themselves of sleep, and that before the day was over their nerves and tempers were frayed and on edge. This she attributed to physical causes rather than to spiritual perversity, and in the second of these papers she recommended the Conference to temper their prayer with common sense, feeling that if one's attitude to religion was the right one, ghostly strength would be given through one's work, and that true piety could be achieved without these long periods of prayer at the expense of the physical needs of the body.

These sentiments seem to me to shew how her seriousness of purpose was seasoned with humour, producing an essentially sane outlook. At the same time one realises that to her there was no difficulty in drawing on the Divine strength while engaged in active work. She lived her life in the spirit of a prayer written by Dr. Arnold of Rugby:—

“O Lord, I have a busy world around me! Eye, ear, and thought will be needed for that work, done in and amidst this busy world. Now, ere I enter upon it, I would commit eye, ear, thought and wish to Thee. Do Thou bless them and keep their work Thine; that as through Thy natural laws my heart beats and my blood flows without my thought for them, so my spiritual life may hold on its course, at those times when

my mind cannot consciously turn to Thee to commit each particular thought to Thy Service.''

As with Brother Lawrence the "Practice of the Presence of God" became so natural to her, that she did not need to suspend all work to enter into that Presence. In later years she appreciated the 'Quiet Days' of the League of the Church Militant and she was ready to listen to, and gain help from, those far behind her in the spiritual life. Her humility was one of her most lovely characteristics.

She knew in her own experience the physical strain produced by over-tired nerves, and in later life amid the rush of London's noise and confusion she was not unaware of an irritability largely produced by over-work and disturbed nights. No one was more conscious of this than herself and she would pull herself up, her mood would change as suddenly as it had begun, reparation would be made and once more she would be her own true self.

She lived a life of ceaseless activity, activity that was in part temperamental, in part the result of an impelling desire to do all that she could to carry on God's work in the world. In fact her whole life seemed to be a thanksgiving for being allowed to live and serve God. It was once suggested to her that she should do less and conserve her strength. At once came the blazing reply, "What! And leave God's glorious work undone!" To her everything could be done to the glory of God, for she once said that the word "worldly," had no meaning for her; to her, religion pervaded all life; there was no necessary

division into secular and sacred. And with all this she was never in the least sanctimonious, as lesser souls sometimes are, and her great gift of humour ever held sway, saving her from losing a sense of proportion. A story is told by her family of a visit to a loved aunt with a great reputation for saintliness. The visit was in the nature of a farewell before the niece's departure for India, and ended on this note—Aunt: "Well, Goodbye, Helen. Shall I see you in Heaven?" Helen: "I don't know Aunt Mary, but *I* intend to be there!"

Her life and actions, rather than her speech, bore witness to her religious convictions and it was only occasionally that some glowing word or look would reveal what spiritual fervour lay beneath her gay handling, even of the deeper things of life. Perhaps one of her most vivid and personal pieces of writing was that which told of a visit to the Holy Land, published anonymously in *The Church Militant* and given the title of "A Tonic for Faith" by the editor. The article ended with a description of her visit to Jerusalem and closed with these words:—

"As one stood in that Judgment Hall and realised that within a few feet, or perhaps over the very spot had passed the Incarnate Son of God, the effulgence of His Glory and the express Image of His Person, the veil seemed so nearly rent that there are not words to describe what one felt; suffice it to say that when after reaching home I went to my first Celebration, I had the sensation, and I say it with all reverence, of meeting again Someone whom I had last seen alive in His native land."

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOME CIRCLE: HOLIDAYS.

THERE is always a danger that the professional woman, keen on her work and interested in any and every forward movement of her day, may exhaust her energy in public life to the detriment of the more personal and intimate relationships of the home circle. This was never so with Helen Hanson. Her affection for her family was a very lovely thing and she never kept her best qualities for public use alone. They were in evidence in the home, as shown, for instance, by a letter received at the time of her death, from one who for many years has been a favourite helper and faithful friend of the family. The letter reads:—

“The friends of Dr. Hanson who have given their impression of her in the busy life outside the home circle, are thanked by those who only knew her in the quieter walks of life. She herself being too modest to speak about her own good works, they, like* her service medals and other decorations, were kept well in the background. In the quiet of the home circle as in the busy walks of life, she was loved and looked up to by one and all. Always ready to help, ever eager to give praise for the smallest service rendered, her bright and happy presence seemed to make everything worth while. There was no dull monotony where

* See Appendix II.

Dr. Hanson was, she was so interested in everyone and everything around her.”

For some years before her death, she was able to live with her parents and her sister, trying to take some of the responsibilities of life from a father and mother who, though advanced in years, were possessed of the spirit of perennial youth.

In spite of her many activities, she was always interested in anything that concerned any member of her family, and evenings or week-ends were never complete until she had poured out all her news of the day or the week, and received their news in return.

No one could have had more utterly unselfish parents. She always felt how much she owed to them and was anxious to translate into action her love and appreciation of what they had done and had been to her through life. She realised too how really broadminded and large-hearted her father was, despite his very strict views on some subjects. He gave the readiest consent to Helen's desire for a medical education at a time when some parents would have been shocked that their daughter should wish for anything so revolutionary. During the Suffrage struggle the two sisters never had any unkindness or unpleasantness to face at home. Though firmly convinced that militancy was wrong, his strong sense of justice and love of fair play was shocked at the treatment the women were receiving. His anger blazed up, he and Mrs. Hanson went to meetings with their daughters, and joined in a procession, and he wrote his protest to the Prime Minister. When

Helen was in prison he undertook her business, wrote her letters, and, crowning grace of all, he went out to purchase, and took up to Holloway, a pair of bedroom slippers which he asked might be sent in to her, as he heard the cells were cold and she felt the cold so much. He and his daughter in some of their opinions were poles asunder, but his affectionate interest and pride in her never faltered, and her loving and grateful admiration for him grew in intensity as the years passed. She also had the great joy of giving her parents and her sister pleasure by sharing several holidays with them, after a gap of many years when the circumstances of life had made united holidays impossible. The first, in 1921, was to celebrate the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, and the party of four spent a very happy time together in Sark.

In 1922, Helen planned an extensive tour for herself and her sister. It was a characteristic undertaking. They crossed to Ostend and visited Cologne, Munich and Oberammergau, in order to watch the Passion Play; they then went on to Innsbruck, Gratz, Zagreb, Brod and Zavidovic where they learned that the little mountain train had gone and there would not be another for two days, so they found a hotel with clean beds—a necessary detail—and waited. They needed the rest, for the heat was almost tropical; water boiled for the journey never cooled. The mail train carried them to the top of the mountains and a three hours' drive brought them to Vlasenica where they were fortunate enough to join an expedition into the forest on ponies. When starting for home they had a weird drive at night

through the forest—the haunt of wolves in winter—to the station, and eventually reached Belgrade where there was a three days' Festa in progress and the changing of money was a great difficulty. A boat took them up the Danube to catch a glimpse of Roumania, and they returned home via Buda-Pesth, Vienna, Czecho Slovakia and Dresden.

After exploring Dresden, they determined to get a good night's rest during the homeward journey, so they took three first class reserved seats in the train. Alas! for the "best laid schemes o' mice and men"—and women!—people going to the Leipsig Fair crowded in, while the railway officials stood helplessly by, and the two passengers with the three first class tickets did not have even one whole seat apiece. They reached England via Holland, at eleven o'clock one evening, after an absence of thirty nights—fifteen only of which had been spent in bed—having visited seven countries and gained a fleeting impression of many places, with a more extended view of some others, for the ridiculously low expenditure of about £15 each. The inconvenience of nights spent on booking-hall counters and waiting-room forms, the difficulties of passports, Customs and the changing of money were as nought; they started work next morning, very pleased with themselves, "fully convinced that advancing age does not necessarily mean incapacity for exertion or enjoyment."

In 1923 she with her sister took the responsibility of taking her parents to Switzerland, an anxious undertaking, as both had been suffering from heart weakness. However, their courage

was justified. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hanson had visited Switzerland before, and both re-acted favourably to the change, and all four looked back on the time with gratitude and happy memories.

At the end of this holiday, Helen and two companions decided to climb Mont Cray, to watch the sun-rise. Mont Cray is 3,000 feet above the railway level, but as their Chalet was already some distance up, it seemed foolish to waste the gain of those few hundred feet by going down into the valley in order to follow the orthodox path, and they decided on a "short cut" duly vouched for by local information and a sign-post. Baedeker timed the climb for three hours, so they set out at seven o'clock and started along a path "broad enough to have aroused in us the suspicion that those who tried it were doomed to destruction, but we trusted it implicitly. It had such a well-made and purposeful air," but they found that it led to a deep gorge and ended precipitously at a quarry. To the left rose a nearly vertical slope, and up this they proceeded to scramble, on hands and knees, grabbing at large masses of growth to raise themselves. With an optimism born largely of ignorance, they slowly and laboriously made their way, literally inch by inch. Helen describes the curious night sounds, the whirrs and tickings, the rushings and rustlings, the big soft bodies that loomed in front of their eyes, brushed their faces and boomed in their ears. The recent storms had been busy, boughs snapped in their fingers, and trees gave way at the roots as they grasped them. They crawled through the under growth, until they saw a brighter light through the trees, where the shrubs seemed growing at sparser

intervals, and the slope was less steep. They then found themselves at the top of the first shoulder of the mountain, and emerged into the light of the moon, by which they saw that it was twelve o'clock; but with a fairly flat surface on which to sit and rest and enjoy some food, they felt happy. She goes on to regret that there was no pictorial record possible of the night's work, for the sight of three able-bodied women, one of whom was a distinguished professor, squirming through the long grass and undergrowth must have been interesting, and she describes their appearance viewed from above, as being like "large multi-coloured beetles of an entomological nightmare." They did not dare rest long, as the dark clouds on the horizon were "sucking the moon down to their rim." Still off the main path they descended some little way and then zig-zagged up the slope, the ascent growing ever more steep, in the direction of the hut in which they had hoped to sleep from 10 p.m. to 5 a.m. During the climb a storm had seemed imminent, but as they neared the top the wind dropped and the clouds cleared. At long last they reached the chalet, where they enjoyed well-earned rest and refreshment. She describes in pictorial language the appearance of the sky at dawn, with its deep impenetrable blues, in one place bright as gentian, in another transparent as sapphire, between masses of cloud, changing shape and colour with the rapidity of a kaleidoscope, "giving a perfect pandemonium—not of sound—but of colour." They saw this canopy of cloud become streaked with lightning, and heard the loud rumble and distant echo of thunder,

and the scene was blotted out by a deluge of rain. "Occasionally a distant valley would offer a dream picture bathed in sunshine, and then the veil would be drawn over again." This went on for hours. They were able to leave the Chalet by nine o'clock and they had started on the orthodox descent when the rain poured down once more. They limped and hobbled the last part of the way, with aching muscles, so bedraggled—one of the party had had a sports coat torn off her back by the undergrowth through which they had struggled—as to be glad that the rain had emptied the streets as they returned home.

In 1924 Mr. Hanson was too ill to carry out any of their plans for holidays, and, tended by his family, he slipped peacefully away to New Life at the advanced age of eighty-two. His daughter had quite hoped he would rally, and she looked forward to caring for him for some time longer. It was a great loss to her.

In 1925 Mrs. Hanson had so far recovered from the strain of her husband's illness that her daughters ventured to take her abroad again, this time to the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc, where the high altitudes and long drives which the holiday entailed proved beneficial to her, rather than harmful as they had feared.

In 1926 another holiday on the Continent was in process of being planned, but this was not to be, although the proposed tour was one of the last things that Helen had discussed with her home circle.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRIENDSHIPS.

“You are my friend.
What a thing friendship is
World without end,
How it gives the heart and soul a lift up.”

“TRULY these words apply to her,” wrote a fellow missionary after her death.

Helen had a genius for friendship. She “collected” new friends with rapidity but never cast off the old, and had a wonderful memory for all that concerned them even after a lapse of years. A school friend of her early Maldon days had lost sight of her when the family moved to Bognor; in 1911 there was a dramatic meeting. Both found themselves at Bow Street as a consequence of their sympathy with the Suffrage Cause, becoming fellow-lodgers in H.M. Prison. At Bow Street they confronted one another, and in a moment the intervening years had been bridged, and the friendship renewed.

At school she was friendly with everybody at once. When a new scholar arrived, it was always Helen who was set free from lessons to keep her company, help her to unpack, and make her feel at home. Even long-ago school friendships meant a good deal to her in after life. For

instance, she never forgot the death, during early Bognor days, of an intimate school friend. Years afterwards she wrote some verses, picturing an imaginary farewell to the child as she lay—just before her death—in the garden, where they had so often played together. These verses she illustrated with pen and ink sketches, and sent them to the child's mother.

She was always ready to exert herself to help others, and during the last year of her life she remembered in a practical way a schoolmistress of her youth who "had been left far behind the outlook and works of the present generation." She rejoiced in her friends' successes and sympathised with their sorrows and disappointments. A postcard of congratulation, a note of sympathy appeared from her hurried pen—coming sometimes half across the world—whenever anything special happened in life, and this, not to the few only, but to the many.

Her eye was keen and her memory long for benefits conferred upon her. One writer tells of an incident that ably demonstrates her generous spirit and thoughtfulness.

"When she began her medical studies her family resided at Bognor. She therefore came to us in London for some time, a most welcome addition to our household. Some years afterwards, when my husband passed away, and life was not altogether easy, to my surprise Helen most kindly proposed sending me a sum of money in quarterly instalments, as she felt that the amount we had received years ago on her behalf

could well be augmented now that she was reaping substantial reward for her lean years of preparation."

This is but one example out of many, of the way in which she helped numerous friends and relatives in times of financial stress.

She bubbled over with fun and warmheartedness in her intercourse with her friends, and yet was never afraid to be on the side of righteousness and truth. She had an amazing interest in the lives and activities of all with whom she came in contact, and this interest was far removed from idle curiosity; one welcomed it, it never was in the least resented.

"She was such a winning, eager, selfless person and had such hosts of friends and acquaintances and such a following of lame ducks, and she mothered them all," wrote a medical friend. "She could never do enough for one whom she set out to help."

She never spared herself and would take long journeys for the sake of giving someone pleasure, or to meet an old friend or Suffrage comrade, or to do honour to one whom she had known in the past, as when she took a hurried journey of some considerable distance at the end of a long and tiring day's work to take a gift and a message in person, on the occasion of the golden wedding of a Doctor to whom she had been clinical assistant in her student days. And this when she had perforce to return after about an hour's visit only. It was enough that she had given—and received—pleasure. That was one of her greatest charms.

Not for her the aloof satisfaction of the Superior Person, conscious of having conferred a favour. She made her companions in turn feel that she wanted to talk to them, desired to be with them, and enjoyed herself in their company, the while they were acutely conscious of their own enjoyment and satisfaction. She made the contact entirely reciprocal. At her death, from all parts of the world came letters from medical women and others, testifying to her "dear friendliness" to them when they were students or young doctors. With amazing industry she had kept up correspondence with them, telling them of the improvements at the "Royal Free," and keeping them in touch with modern thought in the medical and ecclesiastical worlds, by sending them magazines and papers. She met them during their visits to England, invited them to meetings she thought would interest them, made occasions for them to meet former friends and acquaintances and gave them of herself in a most marvellous way. How she enjoyed talking over old times with her friends! Her memory was photographic, and in a few telling phrases she would recall incidents that had passed from the minds of her companions.

One of her family wrote:—"I believe Helen valued very highly the goodwill and appreciation of her friends, but she never courted praise, or allowed the good opinion—even of those she most esteemed—in any way to be her objective, nor do I think she ever felt worthy of it: it came to her as a surprising pleasure. If there had

been the least insincerity about her seeming humility, surely her own family would have detected it, but I cannot remember a single incident that could suggest such a thing. She never seemed to realise that she was specially gifted or of any importance, even when among her own people. Friendship came to her as if by magic. Probably her very lack of self-seeking made her sought of all, and, as far as I could see, her friendships were extraordinarily comprehensive, inclusive, extensive and eminently healthy. I have never known her make any unfair or unhealthy use of the affection she inspired, and the mere fact that she had friends of such varying opinions and ways of life shews how broadminded she was.''

CHAPTER XIV.

HERSELF.

WHAT an impossible task one essays in an attempt to make those who did not know Helen Hanson in the flesh apprehend in the least what she was like. Yet one may take courage, for sometimes a beautifully executed portrait by a Master conveys less of the essential self of his subject than the rough and ready sketch of the caricaturist or lightning draughtsman. Thus, through a touch here and there of exterior impressions, slight and not to be given too much weight, and the description of some amusing happening—somewhat in the nature of a caricature—it may be possible to suggest to the reader a portrait that just glimpses the real Helen Hanson.

She was of medium height, inclined to be plump; her feet and hands were small and delicately made. She had a wonderfully gentle touch, and her wrists retained the "bracelets" of childhood. Soft brown hair, a creamy complexion, clear-cut, well-formed features, made a setting for the hazel eyes that could light with merriment or flash forth indignation, or sink into a repose so deep as to seem bottomless in their depths, where all was serenity and peace. Truly it was an expressive face, that baffled every



1921.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

photographer. She had a wonderfully sweet smile, leaving behind dimples and lines of the mouth that gave promise of the laughter that was always ready to relieve any difficult situation. And how that laugh would ring out—there was something heartwhole and almost childish about its timbre. One recalls the white skin of throat and brow, the poise of the head, and the boyish contour that resulted when she had her hair cut short. Serene, brave, kind, joyous in work and in recreation, she was essentially loveable; an arresting, a unique personality.

She had a characteristic disregard of appearances, except on special occasions; brown shoes with one brown and one black lace; a grey balloon cloth mackintosh forced over a fur coat on a cold wet night, when she remarked that it was quite distinguished to look and act like a balloon in Westminster; munching a currant bun while walking across Dean's Yard in broad daylight, with a smile to the passer-by, who appeared interested in the process; eating sandwiches on top of a bus after a late sitting of a committee—these, and similar pictures of her will occur to her colleagues; and to the few who were at the Oxford Church Congress there may rise a vision of an elf-like figure who capered around with the abandonment of a child.

An outstanding feature was, I think, her love of colour. It is noteworthy that before going to India she bought herself a scarlet mackintosh, at a time when such brightly coloured

waterproofs were very unusual. She wished, she said, "to look cheery on a rainy day." She loved all bright colours. She noticed them on other people, and would comment on anything that took her fancy. She wore the colours of her choice—not always with harmonious results. When convalescent from influenza, or during a holiday spent at home, she would delight in an orgie of mending and renovating. She would then spend hours in trimming a hat or doing embroidery—always after her own fashion and according to her own ideas, and the result was distinctly individual. There were times that one can remember when she was a picture fit to gladden the eyes of every artistic observer. She was sometimes delightfully amusing about her clothes. One friend of her school days unexpectedly had to go into mourning, and she passed on to Helen a hat that suited her remarkably well. Helen afterwards wrote, saying that she had been interviewed for a certain post, and the elderly gentleman with whom the appointment rested said, "I think," . . . and then he looked at the hat. "Indeed, I feel sure, that I can offer you the post." On another occasion she wrote from India that she had passed her viva voce exam., because she was wearing a grey muslin dress that had been given her by a friend. Yet clothes were never to her an engrossing subject. She was usually too busy to think about them. Her life was too full.

One recalls her attaché case, which was always crammed full to overflowing. On the

top of books, papers, letters, MSS. of articles she was writing, reposed her stethoscope. Out of this medley she would produce cuttings from magazines and newspapers on subjects she thought would amuse or instruct her friends, or help the work of a society or committee in which she was interested. She also sometimes carried a cretonne bag, from which the sharp corners of books and parcels would protrude. This bag did noble service on holidays abroad. At the start of the holiday it would be brimful of B.M. J's or other magazines she had saved up for reading. On the journey she would extract one after another, glance rapidly through them and tear out anything she thought worth keeping. She would push these scraps into her pocket, or find a spare corner somewhere to accommodate them, and the rest of the magazines would be consigned to the country side at intervals.

On the homeward journey the bag might serve as a receptacle for light luggage. On one occasion, on starting early one morning from Geneva for a day's drive through the Jura, stockings that had just been washed lay on the top of the luggage. Later, when they had gone some little distance on the drive, the stockings were hung gracefully over the side of the bag to dry, to the astonishment of her travelling companions.

Her MSS. and notes were mostly written on the backs of old forms, discarded advertisements, envelopes and any odd pieces of paper that came into her possession. Written hurriedly in spare seconds, the writing on these scraps sometimes

puzzled even her, and she would enjoy the laugh against herself on these occasions. One had to be familiar with her writing before one could make much of it. Words would be split up in unusual places if there was not room to finish on the one line, and punctuation was often of the scantiest.

“She was careless about literary form even when writing articles. ‘I leave you to see to that,’ she would say to her remonstrant editor, but everything she wrote was marked by vision and sincerity, and at times she reached the heights,” wrote the Editor of *The Church Militant*. Still less did she concern herself with form when writing to her family or her friends. Her letters written from India and while on War Service were sometimes almost indecipherable. Owing to the heat of the climate in India and the difficulties of transport from the War Area, they would arrive stuck together or stained with sea water, and only after considerable searching would her family be able to discover every word. Yet it was worth puzzling out what was written; her vivid personality shone through it all.

Her rapidity of utterance was a source of never-ending amazement to those who heard her for the first time, and the speed of her thought and expression sometimes left her more lethargic companions stranded. This rapidity of delivery gave rise to some amusing incidents; one such is worth recording. In February, 1916, she read a paper entitled “With the Red Cross in Serbia,”

to the Royal Society. So rapidly did she read that the audience at times could not follow her, whereupon a gentleman at the back of the hall rose and requested the chairman to ask the lecturer to read more slowly. Dr. Hanson smiled brightly and started off again with the best of intentions. Becoming absorbed in her subject, she again grew more and more rapid, until the gentleman once more rose with the same request, and, to the amusement of everybody, said: "I think I may be permitted to say this, as I am the lady's father."

She wanted everything to go at a great speed, slowness wearied her. As a child she would scandalise her mother by turning over the pages of her hymn book to explore for something new to read or learn, for the singing at meetings and in church was far too slow to please her. In later years, when attending a post-graduate course, she was delighted with the lecturer because he went too fast for her to take notes in any comfort—a characteristic not usually thought praiseworthy by the student! In Committee work, while slower and more logical brains were moving step by step to a conclusion, by a swift intuitive leap she had arrived. She had also an amazing memory, inherited, no doubt, from her mother, who always remembered things for all her family, even for Helen. There was certainly no monotony in routine work when she was present. Her originality and humour would flash out on the dullest committee, a telling or a picturesque phrase, a happily worded, or more

occasionally an unconsciously-humorous *bon-mot* would be uttered in her quick way, and work would be accelerated, good humour restored, and a difficult road negotiated in safety.

Her speeches and articles were judged by some critics to be diffuse and illogical, and sometimes they most certainly were. But she always had a point in view, even if she reached it by odd and somewhat incoherent arguments, and "in a person of her swift intuition, lightning thought, inexhaustible wealth and vitality of ideas, compelling faith and enthusiasm," wrote one who knew her intimately, "it was surely the astonishing thing to find such a large amount of balance, common sense, sweet reasonableness, sanity and orderliness of mind. After all there are advantages in letting one's ideas run away with one, it makes for impetus, and sends obstacles flying at times, where a more cautious and orderly thinker will hardly get started."

She could always talk easily with anyone and everyone without any formalities, and during the War was equally at home with Tommies, sisters and V.A.D's., or consulting surgeons and physicians, or the Military Authorities. Two episodes of her travels illustrate this. In the journey from Damascus, Dr. Hanson and her two companions managed to get into an almost empty carriage. When men came to the door they said "Harem" and to women "Militaire," thus they and the only other occupant, a French nun, were left undisturbed. When the nun found that Dr. Hanson talked fluent French, she

would have talked all night, and seemed quite surprised that her companions wanted to snatch a few hours sleep. Again, in 1923, during a night journey from Ostend to Cologne in a third class carriage with some friendly soldiers, she chatted with them happily about the war, and so won their hearts, that when she wanted to sleep, they stopped the singing in the next compartment. She was excellent at social and political gatherings at which she occasionally represented the L.C.M. for she had a genius for discovering points of contact with people.

Even before her sojourn in India she felt the cold very much, and in later years she would sometimes sit, even when wearing a fur coat, quite close to the fire. She once laughingly remarked that if she had her way Heaven would have a higher temperature than the other place.

Manual tasks came easily to her and she was of the greatest possible help at a family "move," framing and hanging pictures, putting down linoleum or carpets, renovating furniture and fittings by rapid methods; and after hours of strenuous work, although physically tired, would say how much she had enjoyed it; but in a kitchen and in kitchen work she took no interest whatever.

She did a considerable number of sketches in water colours and in oils, some of which are copies of pictures, others being original studies. The originals are intensely interesting. Painted in a very rapid style (could they have been otherwise?), they are alert and suggestive, even if at

times crude and not always exact in drawing. She compiled a manuscript book, a diary of events of a holiday spent in India in 1908. The book is illustrated with grotesque caricatures and some rough but expressive river, mountain and temple scenes in colour. These as well as her framed sketches never faltered; she went straight ahead to get her effects, and usually succeeded in getting them.

She was always progressing, and never accepted the values or the conclusions of one period of her life as being of necessity authoritative for the next. She went through life testing her opinions by the touchstone of experience. She confessed that a primary motive in offering for war service was the desire to see whether in the face of such horror, Christianity would hold its own. Hers came triumphantly through the ordeal as she has told us. A modern writer* refers to St. Teresa's "divine and unappeasable curiosity." Helen Hanson exhibited this quality all through life. Her insatiable thirst for knowledge, her desire for travel, her affectionate interest in the doings of her friends, her keenness for social amelioration, her love for humanity, her faculty for finding the good in everybody, seemed to spring from a recognition of the Divine Spark in all life, which could be discovered by those with eyes to see and hearts to understand, and her bold, adventurous ever-questing spirit led her on in the search.

“The Call” given to the Church at St. Paul’s

* St. Teresa, by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton.

tide, 1926, in the Missionary reports, thrilled her, and she read romance on every page. She wrote to a friend in Egypt, "Have you read the World Call Reports? I find them simply diabolical. They make one want £100,000 a year and 1,000 lives."

It must have been with a feeling akin to envy that she took part in the meeting organised by the L.C.M. in January 1926 to bid "God Speed" to Dorothy Maud, setting out to her chosen work in Africa. Accepting the decision that her health would not permit her to continue her work in India, Helen Hanson never gave up the thought of returning there, and she was saving up for her later years when she hoped she might settle in India as a voluntary worker, and give her services as health and strength permitted. Another scheme she had in mind, perhaps not to be taken too seriously, was, that at the age of sixty, she would get rid of all her possessions and go and live in China, "where old age is venerated." It is difficult to associate her vitality with the passage of the years, and in the dispensation of Providence it proved unnecessary.

"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old,
"Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn,
"At the going down of the sun and in the morning
"We will remember them."

CHAPTER XV.

THE END (1926) WHICH IS ALSO A BEGINNING.

SO far as strength and time permitted, she delighted to be an active member of the societies to which she belonged, and no L.C.M. function seemed complete unless she was present. On June 19th, she walked with the L.C.M. contingent, in the Peacemakers' Pilgrimage Procession to Hyde Park, carrying, with the chairman of that Society, a banner on which was the inscription "The world is a family, not a barracks," and her last public act was to march to Hyde Park on July 3rd resplendent in her scarlet and purple academic robes over a purple dress, behind the League's processional cross and the banner of St. Margaret, on the occasion of the Equal Political Rights Campaign Demonstration. She sat on the platform—a decorated trolley—with the shadow of her scarlet sunshade falling across her face, making a festive picture of vitality and radiance.

Three days later, on July 6th, came the end. Helen had been visiting schools in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood, and so was able to spend her luncheon hour in her home, taking with her a nurse with whom she had been working. After lunch Helen and her colleague went off in

excellent spirits for the afternoon session and she visited an open air class in Regent's Park. On her way back she met the Head Mistress of one of her local schools and stopped to speak to her, telling her of the plans she and her sister had made to give rest and pleasure to their mother in another beautiful holiday together. These were probably her last words, for the accident must have happened a few minutes later. She was accidentally knocked down by a private motor car, within a short distance of her home, She did not recover consciousness, and died on her way to hospital.

When Sister Rhoda, of the Wantage Community, went down with the "Egypt" on her way to Poona to work for the development of Indian sisterhoods, Helen Hanson, who was a personal friend, felt that it was impossible to use the word "regret" in speaking of her death. She wrote, "Nay, more, we congratulate her that in the twinkling of an eye she should thus have exchanged the plans and hopes of years for a work more wonderful than any of which she had ever dreamed."

This was written in 1922. Helen little realised then how fitting the words would be less than four years later, with reference to her own 'passing.'

On Monday, July 12th, in the sunshine, to the twittering of birds, and with the incense of new-mown grass, Helen Hanson was buried at the St. Marylebone Cemetery at Finchley, in the presence of a large gathering of friends, and rep-

representatives of public bodies and societies, many of whom had followed with the family from St. John's Wood. As she was actively working for the day when all artificial barriers should be removed, and the ministry of the church opened to all "fit persons" irrespective of sex, it was singularly appropriate that Miss Royden should conduct the service in the Cemetery Chapel and at the graveside. In her short address in the chapel Miss Royden drew a picture of Helen Hanson, gay, eager, courageously militant in the causes to which she gave herself so unstintingly, in full strength and vigour, still gloriously alive, carrying on God's work under different conditions, with even greater strength and power. She likened her to John Bunyan's Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, reminding us that her spirit was with us still. As we passed the grave after the committal, several of her fellow-members of the L.C.M. dropped upon the coffin their gold and white badges, those "very festive" emblems of our fellowship. Among the many floral tributes placed on the grave, was one, gold and white, the familiar cross within the circle that had meant so much to her.

And so we laid by, with all reverence, the outer casket that had enshrined so choice a spirit. Her experience in India had made her realise the truth that she was a soul, temporarily and for the moment encased in a body, rather than a body possessing a soul, and at times she had had a feeling of suppressed eagerness to be quit of that mortal coil which veiled the spiritual essence of

things. "Suppressed eagerness"! Her spirit had gained its freedom, and the veil had thinned until it was no longer visible.

At the Requiem held in the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, on July 17th, the Bishop of Kensington was the Celebrant, and many people in their private capacities, and as representatives of Societies, were present to give thanks for the life and work of Helen Hanson. Many were wearing the familiar Suffrage Badges. The Bishop spoke of the beauty of her character, of her selflessness, of her courage and enthusiasm, of her contact with the Unseen, which was the source of all her strength, of her work for social righteousness and of her service to her generation. He bade all present unite in giving thanks to God for the inspiration of such a life, as we committed her to His care.

The service, beautifully rendered, was fully choral, and once again the note of triumph was emphasised rather than that of grief and loss. The incomparable beauty of the liturgy came home to us anew, as we realised "how grows in Paradise our store," and there was a special direction of our aspirations as the Celebrant read the prayer "And we also bless Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy Heavenly Kingdom. Grant this, O Father. for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate, Amen."

A PRAYER.

Grant us, O Lord, the royalty of inward happiness, and the serenity which comes from living close to Thee.

Daily renew in us the sense of Joy, and let Thy Eternal Spirit of the Father dwell in our souls and bodies, filling every corner of our hearts with light and grace, so that bearing about with us the infection of a good courage, we may be diffusers of life, and may meet all ills and cross-accidents (even death itself) with gallant and high-hearted happiness, giving Thee thanks always for all things. Amen.

This prayer seems almost an epitome of Helen Hanson's life. It is therefore inserted in the hope that her gallant and high-hearted happiness may be reflected in other lives.

APPENDIX I. CERTIFICATES.

I. EDUCATIONAL.

- A. College of Preceptors. Third Class: 1st Division
1886.
- B. Junior Cambridge Local—Honour Certificate, 1st
Class, 1st Division. Distinctions in:—
Religious Knowledge (2nd of all England)
English History
Geography
Shakespeare
French 1889.
- C. Senior Cambridge Local, Honour Certificate, 1st
class. Distinctions in:—
Religious Knowledge
English History
Geography
Milton 1891.
- D. Certificates of Attendance and Examination, Uni-
versity Extension Lectures.
The Age of Anne. University of Oxford.
Pass. 1890.
Victorian Poetry. University of Cam-
bridge. Distinction. 1890.
The Puritan Revolution. University of
Oxford. Pass. 1891.
Modern Development of Astronomical
Science. University of Cambridge.
Distinction. 1892.
Physiology and Hygiene. University of
Oxford. Pass. 1893.

II. PROFESSIONAL.

- A. University of London Matriculation. 1st Division.
Jan. 1893. Won Scholarship at Bedford College,
London, but did not take it up.

- B. University of London. Preliminary Scientific Examination. M.B. degree. July 1893 and January 1894.
- C. University of London. Intermediate Examination for M.B. February 1897.
- D. Diploma. Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries of London in Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery. Feb. 14. 1901.
Registered as Medical Practitioner. February 19, 1901.
- E. University of London M.B. Degree. November 27, 1901.
- F. University of London. M.D. Degree. October 26, 1904.*
- G. University of London. B.S. Degree. December 14, 1904.
- H. London School of Tropical Medicine, Certificate. Distinction in Examination, April 13, 1905.
- I. University of Oxford, Diploma in Public Health, June 9, 1911.

Registered as medical student at London School of Medicine for Women, March 16th, 1893.

*Had previously held posts (resident) at St. Pancras Infirmary and Bristol Royal Hospital for Sick Children and Women.

APPENDIX II.

DECORATIONS, ETC.

1. British War Medal, 1914—1918.
2. Victory Medal—(The Great War for Civilisation), 1914—1919.
3. 1914 Star—(Auxiliary Hospital Unit, Antwerp).
4. Serbian Red Cross Medal.
5. Order of St. SAVA, Class V. (Serbian Medal.)

INDEX.

- Antwerp, 44.
- Bayne, Rev. Ronald, 85.
- Bruges, 47.
- Census Protest, 74.
- Cherbourg, 48.
- C.L.W.S., 70, 71, 72, 73, 75.
- Constantinople, 61.
- Hanson, Helen B.,
 Burial Service, 113, 114.
 Death, 113.
 Dress, 103, 104, 110.
 Early days and school, 1—10.
 Educational Distinctions, 9,
 117.
 Family, XIII., XIV., XVI., 1,
 2, 3, 4, 6, 11, 89, 90, 91, 92,
 93, 94, 96, 98, 100, 107.
 Holidays and Journeys, 13, 22,
 23, 25, 26, 40, 41, 50, 57, 61,
 62, 65, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96.
 Illness, 49, 50, 104.
 Insomnia, 21, 24, 26, 78.
 Literary Work, XIII., XIV.,
 6, 28, 29—35, 36, 44, 73, 74,
 86, 89, 105, 106.
 Medical Work, VII., VIII., 11,
 12, 13, 14, 39, 42, 43, 56, 66,
 67, 68, 73, 98, 100, 108, 109,
 112.
 Missionary Work, VIII., 12,
 16—39, 80, 86, 111 (See also
 India).
 Music, attitude to, 12, 83.
 Professional Distinctions, 13,
 118.
 Rapidity of speech, 61, 72, 106,
 107.
 Religious Outlook, VIII., X.,
 XVI., 1, 38, 39, 48, 79, 80
 —89, 110, 111, 114, 115.
 (See also L.C.M. and Miss-
 ionary Work.)
 Requiem, 115.
 Sketches, 109, 110.
 Societies in which interested,
 69, 70, 112. (See also C.L.
 W.S. and L.C.M.)
 Unconventionality, 103, 104,
 105.
 War Decorations, 118.
 War Service, 44—66, 118.
- India, 16—39.
- Kensington, Bishop of, 115.
- Kinnaird, Hon. Gertrude, 20.
- Lambeth Conference, 59.
- L.C.M., III., IX., XIII., XV.,
 14, 76, 77, 78, 79, 109, 111,
 112.
- L.C.C. and School Medical Inspec-
 tion, 42, 43, 56, 66, 67, 68, 112.
- Lux Mundi*, 85.
- Maud, Miss Dorothy, 111.
- Macnaughton, Miss, 47.
- McIlroy, Professor, 61.
- Malta, 58.
- Peacemakers' Pilgrimage, 112.
- Priests, Women, 79.
- Rhoda, Sister, 113.
- Royal Free Hospital, VII., 12.
- Royden, Miss A. Maude, 114.
- St. Martin-in-the Fields, 14, 75,
 115.
- St. Paul's, Dean of, X., 75.
- Salonica, 59.
- Scharlieb, Dame Mary, 11, 14.
- Scottish Women's Unit, 51, 52.
- Serbia, 51—56, 60.
- Sinclair, Miss May, 47.
- Stevens, Miss, 7, 8.
- Stevens, Dr., 8, 72.
- Stobart, Mrs. St. Clair, 56.
- Stobart unit, 44, 48, 51, 54.
- Suffrage Badges, 71, 74, 114, 115.
- Travel, (See holidays).
- War, 44—66, 118.
- War Decorations, 90, 118.
- Women and Holy Orders, 69, 75,
 79, 114.
- Women M.P.'s, 75.
- Women's Suffrage, IX., X., 14,
 39, 43, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74,
 75, 85, 91, 97, 112. (See also
 C.L.W.S.)
- World Call Reports, 111.
- Zenana Bible and Medical Mission.
 (See Missionary Work, and
 India).

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